

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

WE this month present an engraving which we are not ashamed to praise. Jesus and the Samaritan! Could we imagine we have a single reader, who has not read, with due admiration, the touching incident to which this print alludes, we should attempt to paint the scene. But this cannot be. Its fame is as wide as the civilized world. It stands, as originally drawn by the evangelist, associated with a series of historical pictures, which have never been equaled by classic pens.

It is a remarkable trait in the life of Jesus, that, wherever he is, whatever he says or does, however humble the event in which he condescends to take a part, his position stands out at once as a characteristic of his religion, and illustrates some great principle of his work.

The Jews and Samaritans had no friendly intercourse. Severed from each other by a political revolution, estranged by differences of faith and worship, and mutually exasperated by the bloodiest of all recorded wars, they carried their animosity so far, that a citizen of either nation would rather perish, than ask of his brother a cup of water or a morsel of bread. But the religion of Jesus was to be a universal religion. He must break down the barriers between nations, and then unite them all upon himself. Like a profound reformer, he began his benign work at home. Having, on a former occasion, in the parable of the good Samaritan, prepared his Jewish followers to believe there might be something good even in those whom they so naturally and so heartily despised, he now begins the same work of reconciliation on the other side. Nor is it possible not to admire the wonderful tact with which he manages and carries out his design.

He travels on foot through the hostile country. He becomes weary and thirsty, and immediately sits down by the side of a neighboring well. Reader, whose well was that? You say it was Jacob's, so famous in the history of the Israelites, when they were one people, and the happy, prosperous, friendly worshippers of one God. Was there, then, no meaning in the choice which Jesus made? As the most

illustrious of all Jacob's descendants, the Seed in whom all the nations and families of the earth were to be blest, Jesus could not sit on that well without calling up associations of the most grateful character, capable, perhaps, of binding in a happy spell the prejudices even of the Samaritan mind.

Besides, the ground on which he sat, and where the deep well of Jacob was, the old patriarch gave to his son Joseph, his favorite child, and the great type of Jesus, equally revered by both Samaritans and Jews. By sitting down on Jacob's well, Jesus gave himself the opportunity of signifying his near connection with the old patriarch, whom all, in both lands, almost adored, and also of showing his superiority, as a divine being, to that great ancestor of the Jews. "Art thou greater," said the woman of Samaria, "than our father Jacob?" The answer convinced his prejudiced auditor of the divinity of his character, and the grandeur of his cause.

But the wisdom of Jesus always meets with success. He makes no great attempts. He never raises a reckless or a daring hand. In this case, he converses with a woman, who happens to fall in his way. By making a bold impression on her mind, he insures her services in his ulterior designs. She hastens to the city to report him to her friends. The city comes out to see the wonderful stranger at Jacob's well. They are convinced, and invite him to tarry in their town. During his two days' abode, he makes many converts to his cause, and plants a religion destined, ultimately, to restore them to the faith from which they had so grievously declined.

But I must not write a dissertation. The picture before us is from an old painting, and is certainly a beautiful engraving. Let the reader contemplate, however, not so much the artistic excellence of the piece, as the moral beauty of the scene. Above all, think—and that profoundly—of the divine character of Jesus, of the active benevolence of his life, and of the resulting glory of his work. By so doing, reader, you may make this picture a blessing to you, and render yourself happier and better for the remainder of your days. You may, also, prepare yourself for a more perfect enjoyment of the life beyond the grave.

THE TOLLING BELL.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

THERE are sweet sounds here, gentle reader. Over my head, on the topmost branch of the beech, sits a mocking-bird, sweetest of singers, emulously tuning his mellow throat to every variety of song. Just over the brook is a robin singing to his mate, that is sitting on her nest. From amidst the maple boughs chirps the black-bird. The plaintive cooing of some lone turtle-dove is heard from the dry branch of a leafless poplar. The grass seems alive with the shrill notes of the merry cricket. I like that same cricket. Its sound is such as I used to hear at my native hearth-stone in happier days. I cheerfully welcome whatever sight or sound revives in my sad heart the memory of other days. Welcome the sunshine that used to fall on my childhood's playground! Welcome the moon, whose silvery light is the very same that gleamed from the quiet lake near my native home! Welcome the stars—Orion with his band, Arcturus with his sons, and the Pleiades with their sweet influences, and the shining galaxy of a thousand gems, that shed their mellow light on the flowery path of my youth! Welcome the spring, with its buds of promise, and its genial influences! Welcome the summer, with its flowers, its inimitable green, and its merry voices! Welcome all to my heart; for they sometimes, for a brief season, make me feel as I once did, before care had wrinkled my brow, or years blanched my temples, or sorrow wrung my heart. But not the sunshine, nor the moonlight, nor the starry evening, nor budding spring, nor flowery summer, nor the merry music of nature's thousand voices, brings back the glad heart, nor the buoyant hope of childhood. I look on the world of nature—it is as beautiful as ever; but there are those who once enjoyed its beauties with me, now gone for ever from earth. I look upon the world of men; but it appears not to me as it once did, when every successive view presented the beautiful and ever-changing colors of the kaleidoscope.

But I am wandering away I know not where. I was speaking of pleasant sounds. My nerves are suddenly startled by a sound whose meaning I know full too well. The deep tones of the college bell come booming over the fields, and awaken thrilling emotions in my soul. The sound is not that which calls me to my daily duties, nor that which betokens the hour of prayer, nor that which calls the wanderer home to the house of God; nor is it that which marks the grave and measured march of the funeral procession. But it is the knell of death. It tells us of the departure of the amiable and manly youth, our friend, associate, and pupil, by whose bedside we have watched for the last few days and nights, wavering between hope and despair. Not an hour ago I left his bedside. His father was standing over

him with intense anxiety. His mother was bathing his fevered brow, and shedding bitter tears. His youthful associates in the pursuit of knowledge were around him. I left him for a time, and I came here to soothe my agitated feelings; and now that tolling bell tells that all is over.

Thomas Lowry was one of the most interesting young men I ever knew. He had an ardent desire, a passionate thirst for knowledge. He was overcoming every difficulty in his way, and pressing on incessantly in the pursuit of science. While his intellect was marked by strength, his heart was gentle as that of a child. A very few weeks ago he returned here from a visit to his friends, in vacation, and commenced his studies with fine prospects. He had just devoted, during the late revival, his heart, his energies, and his life to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. His health was firm, and his spirits cheerful. Every thing promised long life and great usefulness. But now for him that death-knell sounds. Alas, alas, for human life! what is it? and what is it worth? Surely it is as the grass of the field, or as the morning flower—cut down in its beauty and its prime.

THE MAMMELLES.

BY PHILEMON.

ON the north bank of the Missouri river stands the old town of St. Charles, once the village of a proud race of the Missouri Indians, but settled by the French subsequently to the landing of Leclerc at St. Louis. Saxon perseverance and American intelligence have added much to the place. Among the improvements of modern date is an institution of learning. Taken from the plough, I was here put to be instructed in literature.

Severe had been my toil and heavy my sleep, when, on an Eden-like morn in the latter part of May, I was awakened from my slumbers by my friend Gallaher, who wished to know whether I designed playing the truant, by breaking away from Cicero and Tacitus, and expatiating for once over the wild beauties of nature. A decisive answer was scarcely given, when he informed me that horses, ready caparisoned, stood champing their bits, apparently impatient at our delay.

Having adjusted my toilet in a very summary manner, and taken my morning's meal, I mounted my charger, and set off with my friend northwardly from the town, in a brisk trot, "eager for adventure." I had heard much of the mammelles, and understood that Flint alone had given them historical notice. From the many verbal references to them, my mind would have been prepared for something extraordinary, had I not been most sadly disappointed in anticipating the termination of a similar

excursion. An hour's ride along a narrow road, skirted by thick undergrowth, brought us to a sudden turn in our path. As we entered it where the underbrush abruptly ceased, a most splendid scene burst upon our vision.

Years have rolled away, friends have died, death has been around and about us; but, amid all the array of thrilling events, the grandeur of this hour has never been erased from the tablet of my memory. After advancing a few rods, I was advised by my friend that I was on the tallest of the mammelles. Casting my eyes across the plain below, I felt all the force of Flint's description:

"I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene;
From the dark summit of an Indian mound
I saw the plain, outspread in living green;
Its fringe of cliffs was, in the distance, seen,
And the dark line of forest sweeping round."

Looking toward the left, across the plain, your vision rests on a long "line" of forest, enveloping, in its thick foliage, the meanders of the Dardenne, until it conjoins the "fringe" of Mississippi cliffs on the Illinois side, directly opposite you. Turning to the right, you follow the "fringe" until it is lost behind the cottonwood and sycamore, which sweep around to your right, until they disappear beyond the mammelles below you. Within two hundred feet of the place you stand on commences the level prairie, stretching far away to the right, left, and front—carpeted in nature's "living green"—tinged with flowers of every hue, presenting a landscape every way worthy to behold. Over the vast scope may be seen many fields of corn and wheat, marked by the fences of rails brought from the "point"—presenting a view of harmony in variety. As I gazed on the many herds of cattle grazing on this natural meadow of richest soil, I thought I witnessed a scene parallel to that which was accustomed to delight the ancient Moorish kings of Grenada, when they looked out from the turrets of the Alhambra upon the vega bordered by the rushing Xenil.

But here the devotee of Moslemism would find no minaret to remind him of the impostor's sway. Yet, while I gazed with intense interest toward the northeast, I discovered what seemed a dark line cutting the horizon vertically, surmounted by an apparent star, set in the blue vault of heaven. This I learned was the spire and cross of the Catholic church in the decaying village of Portage de Sioux. While filled with reflections, I remembered the great amphitheatre at Rome, Petra, and Pompeii, the efforts of man's genius, and wonders of succeeding ages, but which sunk to insignificance when compared with the one before me. When standing on the mammelle, had I supposed that I was somewhere in the old world, I would have fixed upon this as "the plains of Moab, this side Jordan, by Jericho," where

the children of Israel, to the disquietude of Balak, "covered the face of the earth." Nor would my imagination have made much effort to identify the "high places" of Pisgah and Peor, from whose tops the "utmost part of the people" might be seen. As from Pisgah's top so here Balaam never could curse the people of God; for no being can, amid such evidences of an Almighty, curse those whom God has blessed, but, like Balaam, exclaim, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!"

When bewildered with this panorama, and selecting the most striking objects in the range of my vision, I discovered, to the westward, on one of the highest of the tumuli, evidences of a grave-yard. Upon inquiry, I was informed that this spot had been selected by one of the pioneers of the country as his final resting-place. Here he was buried, whither he was soon followed by his companion and her infant. Their relatives have rapidly increased their company, of some of whom, at least, we can confidently say, we "we have hope in their death." "And, furthermore," said my friend, "you are standing on a grave"—at which, although previously filled with sad reflections, I was awed into deep solemnity when aware I was sacrilegiously treading over the moldering remains of the dead. I sank upon the green, lost in the mazes of my own imagination, to which I gave loose reins. I looked down the vista of time, when the angel would put one foot upon the sea and one upon the land, and swear by Him that liveth for ever, that time should be no more. Gabriel's trumpet sounded, and from the summits of these mounds rose the tenants of the grave, and stood awaiting the coming of Jesus with his holy angels. I saw them as they stood in the shadow of the fading sun; and from this natural observatory of God's most sublime exhibitions they were caught up in the air.

I was satisfied, from the physical structure and locality of these mounds, that the waters of the Mississippi had once washed their bases; but my mind was not prepared to suggest the possibility of their being touched again; yet the flood of 1844 awfully demonstrated the certainty of the event. And who shall witness the same again?

I think there is a general misapprehension with regard to the appearance of these mounds. They do not rise like cones from the midst of a plain, but like cones inserted in a perpendicular bank, their vertices rising a little above its top. There are many of these in one contiguous line. In their rear the land is elevated; and, a few furlongs from them, it rises to its greatest height, when it breaks away to the Missouri river on the south and east. Long had I speculated on the origin of these mounds, tumuli, or mammelles; and much as it was against my good sense, I was willing, for my imagination's sake, to regard them as the mausolea of departed greatness,

containing within their ample bosom the ashes of heroic chieftains; and, as we circled around their bases, and mounted their steep ascent to hasten away, I paused for a moment to imitate one who had preceded me, in addressing the sleeping warriors beneath:

"Farewell! and may you still, in peace, repose—
Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom,
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,
Casting their fragrance on each lonely tomb,
In which your tribes sleep in earth's common womb,
And mingle with the clay from which they rose."

TWO PORTRAITURES;

OR, EVELINE AND JULIA.

—
BY HARMONY.
—

READER, I bring you no romantic story, decked out with exaggerated delineations of character, and fictitious representations of woe, to call forth your sympathy, and awaken your interest; but a simple record of the lives and death of two young ladies in contrast, who are united with some of my dearest and most painful recollections. And I hope you will not deem it altogether worthless and unmeaning.

EVELINE.

"Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye;
In all her gestures dignity and love."

Eveline was not a girl that would pass unnoticed. Hers was a face which, while it pleased, would not have been pronounced beautiful at first sight. But it had an expression of something within better than beauty. The goodness of heart could easily be read in the sweetness which beamed from her mild but intelligent countenance. Her manners were in unison with her face, gentle, modest, and unobtrusive, yet affable; and studious to please by kindness, which is the natural expression of a heart overflowing with benevolence. And good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. She dressed with great simplicity; but good taste was betrayed in every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision and negligence.

It had been the leading object of a wise and judicious mother, to bend her youthful mind, by culture and education, to that form which, in after life, should insure a solace, a comfort, a companion. She had been most careful to cultivate every talent—to develop and direct every good tendency of her nature—to implant and cherish every high and holy principle. And rich was the harvest which repaid her unwearying endeavors. Her daughter was all she desired her to be—a sensible and accomplished lady, and a humble Christian.

Her powers of mind, her gentleness and cheerfulness, her piety, and her habits of industry, engaged the love and esteem of all who could justly appreciate

true worth and perfect excellence of character. She had the happy art of adapting herself to every situation better than any one I have ever known. I would give much to possess the benevolence of feeling which she carried with her into the occurrences of everyday life. She was always thinking of the happiness and well-being of those around her. Her mind and heart were ever busy in some scheme of improvement and benevolence. Her daily life was indeed a pattern of virtue and propriety.

She truly enjoyed society; but it was not first with her: in her well-balanced mind it retained its true position. She had no ambition to shine among the stars of the fashionable world. She thought more of the enduring perfections of the mind, than of the attractions of gay and fashionable society. Her heart was occupied by the vision of the Savior; and the pleasures of earth, which are as fading as its flowers, possessed few charms for her. She was influenced by higher motives—by holier considerations. She looked for a purer happiness than earth can give. The whisperings within her were of

"Something that finds not its answer here."

She rejoiced in the soul-stirring and soul-expressing works of art, in the gush of music, and the upward flight of poesy, as the rich and kindly gifts of her Father in heaven. Of him and his works she ever sought to know more. And she loved dearly the shades of retirement, where she could study the works of God. Every leaf and unfolding flower, and every star that gemmed the canopy of heaven, was to her an emblem of the wisdom and goodness of the beneficent Spirit who created them all. And the awe and veneration which they inspired, when thus contemplated, rendered the sensations and reflections of her heart pure and holy—without spot or blemish.

But the inspired volume exhibited to her in still fairer characters the attributes of Him who formed this beautiful world. Many sweet and useful lessons she gathered from those sacred pages; and many proofs of her heavenly Father's love did she receive in the peace and happiness which his gracious promises afforded her. It was to her a fountain of delight, and she lived under the influences of its divine truths.

From these studies Eveline learned to feel and evidence that benevolence which is His nature who went about doing good. She loved to imitate him. It was her delight to soothe the sick, and to comfort the afflicted. She dispensed her charities and her love to all. Her smile illumined the dwellings of the poor. To them she bore the bread of life eternal, as well as of life temporal. And, by always aiding and never obstructing the principle of growth in her soul, she reached a height but "little lower than the angels."

"But life is short—its hold is brief."

Alas! the seeds of disease were hereditarily sown in her system: her father had died in the prime of

life by consumption. And the slight and fragile form of Eveline indicated a predisposition to the same disease. And the rude hand of the insatiate destroyer seized upon this excellent creature while in the bloom of youth and beauty, just as the budding blossoms of life were beginning to throw their sweetest fragrance over her path. And long months of suffering were appointed to her. Her fond mother watched the progress of her sure but slow decay with an almost breaking heart. It was sad to see her gradually fading, and passing away to her grave. Still she made even the approach of death lovely. She knew that she was passing away; but it was with unshaken confidence in Him who had conquered death, and opened the gates of eternal life. "The feast of life is sweet, and I am no weary guest," said she; "but my heavenly Father has given me strength to yield the cup." None who saw her the last few months of her life can forget the heavenly smile which beamed from her countenance—the touching words which fell from her lips. How sweetly did she talk of heaven, and of a Savior's love! The rich consolations of his grace fell like holy dew upon her spirit, and filled her with joy and rejoicings. Her sick room was indeed

"Privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heaven."

And when the hour of her departure came, and she was told that death was indeed at hand, a smile of inward peace and satisfaction rested upon her countenance. "Can this be death?" said she. "O how serene it is! The Savior smiles, and bids me come. Hark! do you not hear the angels' song? Dearest mother, farewell! I am going to behold the face of Jesus for ever. Precious, precious Jesus!" Her faded features were lighted up with an unimaginable glow, "like the reflection of light on the white folds of a stainless cloud." Surely it was the light of heaven reflecting on her countenance. And with a smile that would have looked sweet on a seraph's brow, she fell asleep in Jesus. O, how slight must be the transition from earth to heaven in such a soul as hers. The blessedness of the righteous was hers, even while here below; and she has but a glorious increase of joy, and happiness, and holy love.

JULIA.

"On pleasure's flowery bank she sported,
As gay as yonder opening rose."

Julia had from her infancy lived in society, and was perfectly accomplished in all its arts. The artificial and superficial education she had received, awakened not the nobler faculties of the mind—stirred not the deep sensibilities of the heart. It taught her the external graces of life, hiding all that is repulsive, but changing not the selfish, sinning heart.

The artificial training to which Julia had been subjected had suppressed the deep love of the beautiful and true, and filled her mind with the desire for

distinction in the gay and fashionable world. And the development of this desire overshadowed the more lovely attributes of her character. No one rivaled the beautiful Julia at the altar of fashion. She gave herself up to its follies, and became a "bright, particular star among its bewildering lights."

The gay season commenced by the distribution of cards for a brilliant party at Esquire M.'s. Great preparations were made; and Julia talked about little else. The evening at length arrived—that evening so joyously anticipated by many hearts—so fraught with suffering for poor Julia. The young, the gay, and the beautiful were there; and the revels of the evening brought enjoyment to their hearts. Never had Julia looked more lovely. She felt herself to be in her true element. And none who looked on her beaming brow, and listened to the light words which sprung to her lips, deemed that danger lurked in her path—that this was the last evening she would ever meet with them. But

"Frail is the tenure of our mortal breath,
Yea, in the midst of life we are in death!"

The excitements of the evening were over; and Julia, exhausted by her efforts, and heated with dancing, came out in the cold air, at a late hour of the night. She caught a severe cold; and the next morning she was not able to speak above a whisper. And soon sickness confined her to her bed, and death stood at the door. Nor could all the skill of the physician, nor the assiduities of friends, afford hope for some days that the disease would not finally prevail. Delirium ensued—it was the delirium of a dissipated mind, betraying its habits and propensities by every incoherent expression.

Julia slowly improved; but from that time she never knew what it was to have a day of perfect health. The progress of the disease was slow; but it gradually took the form of consumption. That she was slowly going down to the grave, she did not for a moment dream. She had seen many persons, in ill health, live on year after year, and sometimes regain their vigor. And she confidently looked for the same result in her own case. But all who looked upon her lovely but sunken brow, saw that there Consumption had set his seal—all save her mother. "Julia was only nervous—nothing but nervousness," she said. And she made a continual effort to occupy her attention with sunny prospects of health and happiness. Her gay associates were invited in to relieve the tedium of low spirits. The subject of death was not mentioned in her presence; and she did not see his icy hand almost upon her brow—his barbed dart close at her heart. She was looking for him in the dim and misty perspective of the future, and promising herself many happy years to come.

Her mother was a woman of the world, and evidently incorrect in all her views and perceptions of moral truth. The gilded haunts of fashionable pleasures presented to her the only sources of happiness.

And Julia, early in life, knelt in homage at the shrine of her mother's idolatry. Her mind became the receptacle of all the sickly sentimentality of fiction. Her views of life were false. Her ideal of loveliness and bliss found no counterpart in the real; for poison had been mingled with the choicest interests of her life. Alas! what an employment of that time and those talents, of which a solemn account was so soon to be required!

Several weeks elapsed, and Julia lay upon her couch, wasting by disease, and fast sinking into the deep slumbers of the grave. But in that sick room there was no prayer offered at the throne of heavenly grace in behalf of the immortal spirit. The sweet and cheering consolations of religion did not sustain her amid her sufferings.

"Mother," said the low, faint voice of the sufferer one day, as she sat by her bedside, "I feel very weak; and I have been thinking that it is possible I may not recover. O, I can't bear to die—to leave this bright, this beautiful world. I love it—it seems so sweet. And when I see the pleasant, loving faces of my young associates, I can't bear to think that I must die so early—that I must yield up life in its bloom, and be the moldering tenant of the tomb. I shall be willing to die when I am old; but, O, not now! I am afraid of death—there is a terrible hereafter, a something beyond the grave, that I am not prepared to meet—at which I shudder and recoil."

"My child, my dear child, why do you talk so?" exclaimed her mother, while she could scarcely restrain her tears. "Drive from your mind such horrible thoughts. I hope you will yet be well. It must not—it cannot be otherwise."

One night, soon after, her mother was awakened to go to her. Julia opened her eyes, and fixed them with a deep, earnest gaze upon her. "O, mother!" said she, "I am dying. O, why did you not speak to me of this hour? why did you deceive me? You have ever encouraged me to believe that I should recover. O, I am most wretched! On me no ray of hope will ever shine. It is dark—it is terrible—mother!" She sunk back on her pillow exhausted. One long, struggling sigh burst from her bosom, and all that remained of the gay, the beautiful Julia was dust.

Reader, here are two portraiture drawn from life. Which character seems most to be desired and imitated? One individual was fitted, by suitable culture and education, for extensive usefulness in the world. And her pious examples will long be remembered by all who knew her. She had devoted her youth to the love and service of the Redeemer; and in her passage through the dark valley he comforted her with the rich consolations of his grace. Ah, who can estimate the value of such a life, or the blessedness in reserve for those who have thus laid up treasure in heaven! The other possessed beauty, intellect, and influence; but how had these talents been perverted! They had all been laid on

the altar of fashion and worldly display. And when Death summoned her away, all was darkness and despair.

Are you, dear reader, in the bloom of youth? and do you bend in adoration at the same empty shrine? Does the fascinating delusion of the gay and fashionable world wholly possess your mind? and have you no apprehensions for the future? Pause, and reflect for a moment! You hold your existence by a frail tenure—you may die early; and sad will it be, if, like Julia, you are unprepared.

It is far from pleasant to give such a gloomy coloring to a picture of real life, as I have given Julia. But it is "truth, stranger than fiction," that such instances of defective and injudicious training occur—so melancholy in their results. I have always considered Julia a victim to the artificial influences of fashionable society. Had she, like Eveline, been nurtured, in the sanctuary of childhood, with prayer, and taken her impressions for life from the controlling influences of sanctified parental example—had her mother instilled into her heart principles of virtue and religion, instead of vanity and dissipation, it might have been very different with her in the last hour of life. O, that every mother would learn the influence she possesses in molding the habits and the life of her daughter!

In contrasting the life and death of these two individuals, the consequences of their course should not be forgotten. Who can estimate the woes resulting from a course like that of Julia's! Who does not turn from her death-bed with a shudder, and exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous!" But remember the sweet peace which supported Eveline, in the hour of death, belongs only to those in whose hearts

"Heaven's own graces shine."

Religion alone can bestow that peace, and insure the joys of heaven. Mark with what dignity and grace she fulfilled all the duties and relations of life! The close of such a life could hardly fail to be serene and bright. O, may you be led to pursue the same path—to imitate those virtues which invested her with such attractions! And when your short pilgrimage here below is at an end, may you be prepared to enjoy with her that perfect felicity promised to the righteous in the glorious assembly of saints and angels, and the "spirits of the just made perfect!"

A STRANGE STORY.

"THERE were two sisters," says Dendy, "sleeping together during the illness of their brother. One of these ladies dreamed that her watch, an old family relic, had stopped, and, on waking her sister to tell of this, she was answered by her thus: 'Alas! I have worse to tell you: *our brother's breath is also stopped!*'" And the prophecy was true.

SOVEREIGNTY OF LITERATURE.

BY JOHN PEGG, JR.

LITERATURE exerts a controlling power in the destiny of nations. Its imperial spirit has held a sceptre in every period of its existence. In the early and wild ages of the world, ere thought received its full authority, its dominion was limited; but, as civilization moved onward in its exalting and enlightening march, thought obtained a higher supremacy, and truth secured more than regal power. And when that still nobler destiny, that awaits the advancing state of society, shall have arrived, then may we expect that an intelligent people will render more devoted homage to "truths that wake to perish never."

Literature derives extensive sovereignty from perpetuating the memorials of national virtue and glory—from treasuring up the bright achievements of the past. There is a native impulse in man to worship the distinguished relics of a proud ancestry: the heart loves to bow with loyalty to the eminent genius of its own land. Thus our forefathers, from their graves, in an inspiring voice, speak to us the powerful dialect of the dead. The soul, pondering on the high results of former labor, feels an emotion kindred to that of Correggio, when, gazing in rapture upon the works of the Roman masters, he exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" The strength of ancestral impressions is finely illustrated by the Scottish arms, when advancing against the firm columns of the tricolored flag. Exulting in their hereditary valor, in the rush of triumph they sent up the shout, "Scotland for ever!"

The elements of empire repose under the protection of literature; and every nation may receive this bright inheritance of "hoary antiquity."

Greece presents the most striking illustration (omitting the literature of the Bible) of its sovereign power. Her Homer wears the coronal of universal dominion. For a time his mighty genius lay in the sepulchre, till Pisistratus, by collecting his poems, rolled away the stone, and he came forth in a glorious resurrection. On the revival of his verses, the olive groves of Greece became vocal with their majestic melody, patriotism girt on the sword with renewed energy, and the laurel bloomed with renovated beauty upon the brow of the warrior. Statuary made its sublimest efforts to delineate his august images, and their godlike presence, in marble, thronged the streets of Athens. And still Homer rules the soul. The noblest spirits have given to him willing adoration. Even the mighty Milton, on his lofty pilgrimage to the mount of God, lingered in the grove of Parnassus, and went up from the heights of Olympus, in his ascent to the regions of eternal light. It was from Greece that Rome, in the earlier period of its existence, derived most of the elements

of literary glory; and it did little more than dig up the buried genius of Athenian strength, robing him with imperial purple.

The dominion of Greece is sublime and noble. The distinguished essayist, Macauley, speaks, in reference to her, thus: "Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, in the field of battle, in the school of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to the eyes that fail with weakness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep—there is exhibited in its noblest form the influence of Athens."

While literature may exalt man, and lead him on to the fulfillment of the noble design of his existence, it hath power to enslave him in the deepest degradation. Instead of its being the enthroned glory of virtue and truth, it may put on the diadem of vice and desolation. Beneath its deadly rule, France consigned the deathless elements of divinity in the mind of man to the grave; and, with an inscription as awful as that of Atheos, inscribed by Shelley amid the princely splendors of Alpine scenery, it engraved upon the tomb of the immortal spirit, "Thou shalt sleep for ever."

Thus were they descending to the repose of everlasting slumber, when Chateaubriand entered that grave-yard of the soul; and, proclaiming the truths of Christianity amid the dismal gloom, he awoke the eternal sleep of the soul, and started it on to its glorious destiny; and, by the lovely strength of truth and the enchanting melody of his own style, he taught the vine-robed hills of France to exclaim to its sister hills, "There is a God!"

It is sad, that so often the literary sovereign, who directs the fate of man for centuries, is deprived of the honors of his royal position while living. History proclaims it to be the destiny of exalted thought and action, to be neglected by its own age. The culmination of the most lofty spirit seldom transpires during its pilgrimage on earth: this scene is to fall on the vision of the future. Thus the terrible gloom of the Tuscan bard but slightly beclouded Hesperia's shore; yet now it not only overshadows his native Florence, but, like a portending cloud, stretches over the world, beneath whose awful shade posterity trembles.

The strength of past literature directs the future. The genius of the dead, rising from the grave of the ancient world, wrapped in the shroud of receding ages, in sepulchral tones admonishes the living. The patriarch of Grecian song still speaks in the groves of the Academy, and weaves the laurel of Ionia around the harp of New England's bard. Christianity still weeps in beholding Socrates and Aristotle offering such exalted homage to an unknown Divinity. The garlands of Poesy, scattered by the hand of Tasso, linger in beauty upon the holy sepulchre. On the pages of Dante still burns the altar-fire of

hell, and bloom the flowers of paradise. Milton still strikes the lyre of heaven; and he alone, in his blindness, dared to climb the heights of celestial song, till he caught the choral melodies of the eternal anthems, and, in his godlike energy, chained his imperishable work to the throne of God.

We leave unopened the pure pages of inspiration, whose sublime control has, and ever will exalt man to his loftiest position, and whose sway will become more mighty as man approaches to the Divinity who created him. We will adore in silence the oracles of Heaven, in the revelations of their beauty and strength amid civil institutions and intellectual progress. We love to behold the holy writings, like an angel of light, leading philosophy back from its trembling passage to the tomb—to the feet of Jesus, and there teaching it the true theory of nature and existence. We listen with joy as its voice bids Poesy forsake the mythic groves and Italian scenery for the clime

“Where golden fruit mid shadowy blossoms shine,
In fields immortal and in groves divine”—

inviting it from Castalia's fount to the blooming banks of Siloa's brook, there to listen to the angels' song—

“We love
The harp the monarch minstrel swept;”
and wonder not that

“David's LYRE grew mightier than his throne.”

With awe we behold sacred history returning far beyond the annals of antiquity, to the time when “God dwelt alone, in the stillness and solitude of his own eternity,” and there startling us with the beauties of the new created earth. It comes on, disclosing the intervention of a superhuman authority in the ascendancy and decline of nations. Then proceeding still onward, it reveals the untold mysteries of the future; and, leaving the prophetic historian trembling in despair upon the verge of time, it enters the gate of eternity; and, after having conversed with the ages that yet repose behind the throne of God, it proclaims endless bliss to those bowing to the *sovereignty* of the WORD OF LIFE, and perpetual anguish to those who reject its *holy dominion*.

CATARACT OF VELINO.

OVER this cataract an iris arches from bank to bank, and its tints are unfading in the poet's immortal verse:

“On the verge,
From side to side beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits amid the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
Resembling, mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.”

RURAL LIFE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

'Twas summer noon. A fair young girl
Sat in the cooling shade;
The zephyrs sported mid the trees,
Or with her ringlets play'd.
The brooklet murmur'd at her feet,
Just stayed to kiss the flowers
That fringed its banks, then hurried on,
To gladden other bowers.
Close in the background, almost hid
By trees and shrubs, was seen,
In quiet beauty peeping forth,
A cottage, painted green.
It was a woodman's happy home:
Though far from city din,
And mid the forest wide, he found
'Twas just the home for him.
His Mariette, his youth's fair bride,
Still smiled contented by his side;
And though the rose of youth
Had faded on her cheek, the grace
Of dignity assumed its place;
And love was there and truth.
O it was very beautiful
To hear that wedded pair,
With hands united on the head
Of that young maiden fair,
Ask for the blessing of their God,
In earnest, humble prayer.
She was their child, their only one:
Mild, gentle as a dove,
True piety lit up her eye,
With pure and holy love.
Had she within the giddy whirl
Of fashion's circle moved,
Would she have been as beautiful
As in the home she loved?
Ah, no! she was a forest flower,
And in the sylvan dell,
Beside the dancing rivulet,
She was in truth a belle.
Stranger, if wearied with the pride
And selfishness of men—
If sickness, care, or want betide—
If friends prove false when love is tried,
Go seek that forest glen.
Hast thou an eye for nature's charms?
Her beauties never fail.
Hast thou an ear to list the song
Of warbling nightingale,
When echoes every note prolong?
Then seek that peaceful vale.
There, not a murmur of distress
Is heard—no war or strife;
E'en nature's ills seem sent to bless—
O, there is much of happiness
In quiet, rural life!

THE HERMIT POET.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

THIS is the appellation given by his cotemporaries to Robert Southey, late laureate of England. Nothing could be more appropriately applied, since the life of the poet was one of nearly strict seclusion. Seldom did he leave his beautiful home at Keswick, and yet more seldom was he seen by men, unless we except the lake tourists, who not unfrequently annoyed him with their intrusive visits. In a letter to one of his friends, he complains that he could never take a sail on the waters of the Derwent, nor a ten minutes' evening walk, without being stared at by those who deemed a poet some outlandish animal.

From these and other circumstances, Dr. Southey has been accused of pride and hauteur. Mr. Howitt calls him a monk and a bigot—the laudator of crime, tyranny, and carnage. These, to be sure, are epithets neither gentlemanly nor Christian. They have no foundation whatever in truth, and are nothing more than the ebullitions of a mean and vulgar spirit, which delights in defaming the character of others. Mr. Howitt knew full well, in writing his sketch of Robert Southey, that he was throwing dirt, without provocation, upon the poet: else, taking a double aim, from some pique at the poet's widow, he thought to shoot a poisoned pin-point at the heart of the living through the memory of the dead; either of which things argues a state of mind the most detestable.

The poet, we must acknowledge, was naturally reserved, and his pursuits tended to make him more so. In this particular he resembled his intimate friend Cowper. He was a lover of solitude. His chosen retreat was his library, and his never-failing friends the books and works of other men. Of these he himself says:

"When disappointment's bitter sting
Inflicts its keen and tort'ring smart,
And sorrow, with its raven wing,
O'ershades the sunshine of my heart—
When friends are false, or cold and chill,
I turn to them my every thought,
And half forget each earthly ill—
Deceit alone in books is not."

To the last he retained his old affection for books. His library was his favorite haunt; and there, for hours, would he sit and converse with the spirits of men whose bodies were slumbering in the grave.

But now Southey, too, is slumbering there. The poet, the philosopher, the historian, is dead. He fell the victim of insanity. For two long years he lived with a "brain worn out."

"The fervent spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay."

"There was no flashing up of the taper before death," observes an intimate friend—"no lucid

moment; but, during his life, he had made the great preparation, and hope illuminated the faces of all who gazed on him when he died. I saw him borne to his narrow home, in the lonely little grave-yard, across which Grasmere church flings its shadow. His son followed him. So did Wordsworth; and never was the grandeur of majestic and solemn grief portrayed in stronger character, than on his thoughtful countenance, as he followed his brother bard to the narrow house. His feelings were evidently too deep for tears." Yes, the poet is gone; but

He is not dead; he breathes the air
In worlds beyond the star-lit sky—
Some far-off, heaven-born land, where
Man, arrived, no more shall die.

STRENGTH THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY C. C. C.

It was a favorite dogma of the ancient Stoics, that pain is no evil; and, in the analysis of human character and conduct, we find this to be true. A higher faith than the philosophy of the Stoic, teaches us to glory in tribulation, through which our being becomes clothed with those virtues which invigorate and exalt the soul, and are the necessary preparatives for a state of peace and blessedness.

When we would single out, from among the elevated and distinguished, those whom we admire and venerate, we are compelled to select those who have preserved the light of the spirit brilliant and undimmed amidst the darkest gatherings of anguish. Romance catches this living truth, and the glory of the imagined hero fades away so soon as the elements of danger and adversity repose in quiet, successful fortune. Like the steamer which pants and struggles to be free, and, with gathered strength, shoots forth like a thing of life over its element and toward its destiny, the human soul, for the same end, meets a repression here and there—is frustrated in its projects and disappointed in its success. We ask, why these shackles? why this trial of strength? But have we, for our priceless lading, the wealth of virtue? Have we gained that wealth of spirit which will enable us to leave the vain good of the thronging world in the distance, and triumphantly mount the tossing billows, and grapple with the giant of the tempest?

Tired and bereft ones! be assured that, in your trial, you are not mocked and put to shame, but tested and purified—that, in your bereavement, you are not to be shorn of strength, and left disconsolate; but power will be perfected in weakness, and the brightest effulgence will shine forth at the close of the gloomiest night.

In these trials the soul is not passive—it is active; and this fortitude will bring tributes of richest treasures to the heart. Suffering has been the portion of

the human heart ever since toil was made the condition of man's temporal life. The floodgate was lifted, and tears from the great fountains of sorrow swept like a spring-tide over the fairest interests of humanity. We look into the depths of our own experience, and, in the abundance of our selfishness, forget that there have existed, in all ages and conditions, hearts that have felt as keenly the touches of sorrow, that have been as burdened by the weight of woe, as our own. There have existed spirits who have been crushed by the malevolence of a cold, repellent world; but, like the rose, the fragrance of their worth rises sweeter and purer from the ruthless destruction of their bloom.

Everywhere, in our daily walks, the gray locks and the furrowed brow of age, the bitter anguish limned upon the cheek of youth, the disappointment mingling with the prattle of infancy, the shadows on the most sunny countenance, and the wasting of the most noble frame, warn us that there can be no exemption from this stern law of our being. What! are not they from whose eyes beam the fire of genius, on whose heads repose the chaplet of honor and fame, around whom glitter the insignia of royalty?—must they, too, gather glory and strength from suffering? Yes; for nature here knows no favorites. The pride of intellect and the conceit of ignorance, the exalted and the lowly, must submit to this fiery trial of spirit.

In the narrative of the heart's sufferings, we everywhere find the portraiture of anguish too exquisite to be removed by earthly cordials. On every page is the record of some heart, in its weariness and exhaustion, longing for a lifeless sleep, but to whom death was as a "locked and treasured thing."

The prolonged and bitter trials of woman's susceptible nature have not been unrecorded. Often does the smothered flame consume unseen, rather than betray its wasting existence; and while we see the grief that pours itself away in weeping, our nature may have known the deep-struck sorrow that refuses tears.

But we rejoice that, although some have yielded in weakness, many have bravely struggled with their woes, and gained the palm of victory. Poverty, distress, and misfortune, have reared themselves like a wall around their habitations; but even from these humble spots have loomed bright examples of truth and virtue. Others, from the mysterious depths of their own being, have brought those priceless gems, whose brightness and beauty have delighted our hearts, and we in our enjoyment forget the toil undergone to obtain them.

"They learned in suffering what they taught in song."

In an age of antiquity, a mendicant bard wandered over the hills and vales of his native land, singing, for the pittance of charity, strains which have since entranced a listening world. And perhaps he little thought, while those songs were passing

from mouth to mouth, that his labor was planting in eastern soil a shrub whose roots the rough storms of centuries should fasten, and give to it might, and growth, and wide-spreading shadow, till pilgrims of all ages should delight to pay their devotions upon this spot.

One of the greatest heroes that ever lived was pierced with a sword while in contest with an enemy, and, prostrate, refused to withdraw the weapon from the wound till victory was declared by his army; but when the triumphant shout rang over the host, he cried, "It is *now* your Epaminondas is born, who *dies* in so much glory."

An Athenian of great private and public virtue, who stood unmoved amidst the fickleness and treachery of his countrymen, was asked, when led to death, for some message to his son. "Tell him," he said, with a magnanimity that was no creation of the moment, "*to forget this injury of the Athenians.*"

The early home of "Jerusalem's poet" was in the splendor of palaces; but, at the command of a tyrant, he was cast forth into penury, and immured in the dungeon's gloom; and, at last, when that brow, which no garland of honor could grace, so entwined was it with the fadeless chaplet it had woven for itself, was about to receive the "laureate crown," the dark cypress waved over his remains, and his tried but purified spirit plumed its flight for that land where suffering is unknown.

England boasts of one who tuned his harp to so godlike imaginings, that they seemed the language of beatific visions. But how much that blind poet suffered! Yet, in his mental and physical agonies, in social and civil convulsions, he was "majestic in the patience of his spirit," enduring unmoved the violence of the storm, and ever faithful to his God and his country.

There was one, a few centuries ago, whose character was the offspring of the tempest; and he had the secret of the power which could control it; so that, while standing forth in the centre of the world's hostilities, he challenges the host of enemies in the name of *truth*. And hither, to this earnest contest, every trembling spirit may be pointed as to one of the greatest examples of courage and strength in opposing error.

Look into the cold gloom of that solitary prison, and mark the wan inmate—an exile from the world—a recluse from its associations. But in that loneliness there is a trial which purifies and elevates the spirit; and soon the captive directs the world to a *pilgrim* who may guide the soul in a shining, upward *progress* to the society of heaven, and to a rest in the bosom of its God.

The wise man reasoning of immortality over his poisoned cup, the hero with his three hundred brave comrades making his willful sacrifice in the face of a sure destruction, the noble patriot yielding himself to the most horrid death rather than barter the

welfare of his country—Rome, with countless others, are magnanimous instances of sublime endurance.

But if we urge our way into the hosts of those who have been "more than conquerors," and behold the calm majesty, the heavenly patience with which they suffer,

"And there, while o'er the gasping breast
The last keen torture stole,
With the high watchword of the skies,
Went forth the sainted soul,"

we shall see the *highest* exemplification and end of the trial of the human spirit.

Is this deep, this universal suffering an inexplicable mystery? No! The pen of Inspiration traces, in vivid truth, the anguish the soul cannot avoid, but faithfully depicts the beauty and excellency of meek and lowly acquiescence under the will of a higher and wiser energy, the glorious release at last, and the regenerate, spiritualized, and new-living ascent in purity and brightness, to the home of its nativity, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary find eternal rest."

Though One infinitely wise and kind has destined us to painful trials, his watch-care is over the process, that the spirit shall be purified from all baseness, and prepared to image forth his own perfection. The tender shrub, trained, in the nursery of the hothouse, to a rapid but feeble growth, can only live under the florist's care; but the oak, as it stretches upward, exposed to the fury of the tempest, seeks its unaided support far in its native soil, and stands firm and unshaken. Thus the soul, only when tossed and tried in merciless suffering, is able to develop the far-reaching depth of its being, its towering strength, its spreading capacities.

It is not the gilded bauble buoyantly floating over the surface which is eagerly desired and highly valued, but the pearl that lies hid in the chambers of the deep, and demands, for its possession, the tried skill and toilsome labor. Thus must the priceless virtues of the heart be found.

It is not the rough, unhewn block, perchance thrown in our pathway, but the invaluable gem polished and fitted by the agency of the most severe instruments, which the heavenly King will place in lustre and glory in the diadem of a brightening immortality.

If these are truths—if such be the wise arrangement with which the Creator has invested the being of every one—if this is the ordeal of the human spirit, and this its unspeakable result, shall we not listen to the language of one of our sweetest poets, as the voice of a brother spirit whispering encouragement and pointing to triumph?

"O fear not in a world like this!
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

THE CONTEST AND THE TRIUMPH.

BY REV. GEORGE B. JOCELYN.

THE thrilling scenes in the drama of redemption were drawing to a close. Immanuel, the true God-Man, had spent his whole life in traversing the land of Judea, pouring joy and consolation into the habitations of the sorrowing and distressed. At his approach disease had fled, at his voice the dumb had spoken and the deaf heard, and, in obedience to his command, the gloomy grave had restored its pale inhabitant to life. His sympathetic heart was full of the work he had to do. His presence had hallowed all Judea, and made it "Holy Land;" for there was scarcely a stream that had not drunk his tears—a vale that had not heard the music of his voice—a mountain upon which he had not stood and invoked blessings upon a fallen race—nor an ungodly city over which he had not wept. But his mission was now nearly accomplished. From those, of his own kindred, whom he came to redeem, he had suffered the most bitter persecution—the most deadly hatred, and now, that his hour was at hand, his "soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Alone, at midnight's melancholy hour, the Son of God retires to pray. His chosen cowatchers, Peter, James, and John, had fallen asleep, and none, save his Father, saw the deep agony, in which he "fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." No voice spoke an answer to his petition—no sound broke the dread stillness of the hour—no ray of light relieved the terrible gloom of Gethsemane's garden. "He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink, thy will be done." Now heavier seemed the mountain load of earth's accumulated crimes, and blacker hung the cloud of wrath above the Savior's head. No pen can describe the agony of that hour; for the mind cannot conceive of that agony which dissolves the human frame, and sends life's current through the pores of the skin. Inspiration tells us humanity failed him, and "angels came and ministered unto him." The cup might not pass, and angels and Divinity girded him for the final hour. That hour had come. The traitor Judas—who, in private, had listened to his Savior's blessed teachings—to whom the "mysteries of the kingdom of God" had been revealed—who, with him, had proclaimed throughout Judea's land the Gospel of the new and everlasting covenant—lured by a few pieces of silver, and blinded by the evil one, approached him, and, while the bloody sweat of Gethsemane's awful struggle was upon his brow, with a kiss betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. Knowing that his hour had come, he permitted himself to be led away to pass a mock trial, and

to be condemned by bribed judges upon suborned testimony. And so malignant was the hatred of his judges and the people against him, their only true Friend, that when Pilate, finding no cause of death in him, would have released him, with maddened fury they shouted, "Away with him!" "On us and our children be his blood!" "*Crucify him!* CRUCIFY HIM!" From these cries there was no appeal; for they were the cries of an infuriate mob; and the fiend of the deceitful human heart had become so furiously aroused, that nothing would appease its hellish appetites but the blood of its innocent victim. The enraged populace rushed upon and seized him, crowned with thorns, and clad in mock purple, and led him forth to the death of the cross.

How often have the scenes of that hour passed before my mind! Slowly and toil-worn, the Savior of mankind ascends the Mount of Calvary, upon which he is to atone for the sins of the whole world. Around him are gathered those whose hearts know no pity. His disciples have all fled. None of his former friends, save a few women, into whose hearts he had poured the joys of heaven, linger near him. "Despised and rejected of men," "smitten of God and afflicted," without a murmur he suffers himself to be stripped of his vesture, and placed upon the shameful cross, while, with blow after blow, the driven nails pierce his quivering flesh. Between two crucified thieves they erect his cross. Calvary's brow grows dark, the sun wraps his beams in the garb of mourning, and darkness mantles the earth. No guardian angels, as in Gethsemane's garden, hover near to minister unto him. Alone, he must tread the wine-press of the Almighty's wrath, and in his naked bosom must be sheathed the sword of divine Justice. Three hours of dreadful agony hangs the Son of God upon the rugged tree, while men, with the hearts of fiends, insultingly upbraid him from below, and legions of fallen angels from the regions of darkness throng the air to consummate what man in his blind depravity has begun—the death of the Savior of the world. Deserted by man, attacked by fiends, and forsaken of God, his startling cry rings out upon the air: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Sinking beneath the burden of the world's sins, the Son of man bows his head; but, with the strength of the redeeming God, he binds our sin-polluted earth by the chain of his atonement to the throne of Jehovah; and while the world trembles beneath the earthquake's giant tread, and the rocks rend, the graves open, and the vail of the temple is rent in twain, he grasps the pillars of Satan's empire, and drags them with him to the dust, and cries, with his expiring breath, "IT IS FINISHED!"

'Tis done! The contest had been terrible—the victory was decisive; for Jehovah-Jesus had "opened up a new and living way."

As yet, however, the triumph appeared but partial.

The Savior was dead—the tomb contained his body. The moral universe was still hung in gloom, lit with no light, save that of hope, which now lingered about the cross and tomb of Jesus. Two days—of anxiety and doubt—of hope and fear—had passed away, and no consolation. Faith began to grow weak—hope began to fail—and the wicked Jews began to triumph. But, just as the light of the third day began to dawn upon our sorrowing earth, and just as the Roman guard were about to proclaim the Savior an impostor, the resplendent glory of the upper world burst upon and smote them as dead men—an earthquake shook the slumbering world, and broke the seal of the sepulchre, and Immanuel, having placed amid the tomb's dark recesses the wreath of immortality, burst its bars, and rose in full triumph over death and the grave.

How startling, how brilliant, how glorious was that triumph of the Redeemer over the tomb! Since the earth had drunk the blood of murdered, though innocent Abel, the grave had been clad in terror. Few had learned how to die. Mankind feared death, not because they loved life, but because they dreaded the tomb. But now the tomb was robbed of its terror. Jesus had risen, and "begotten the world again to a lively hope." Humanity had triumphed over the grave, and received an earnest of that full triumph that shall take place, when God's last trump shall call the sleeping myriads of earth from their dusty beds, and for ever destroy the power of death.

How consoling this triumph to the Christian! Death shall have no power over his body. The same God that so triumphantly rose from the tomb as triumphantly "ascended up on high, led captivity captive," and placed humanity upon the throne of universal dominion. The same God has pledged himself to bring his ransomed ones to "Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Then, child of God, heir of glory, despond not in the hour of conflict: "As Christ has overcome, so shall you overcome." In your hours of deepest affliction, angels shall hover near; for "are not all the angels of God ministering spirits to those who are heirs of salvation?" Look up! Death has been conquered—the grave has been robbed of its terror. To you death is but the topmost round in the ladder Jacob saw—the thin vail that hides the glories of the upper world—"the gate to endless joys." Then, standing, in fancy, or in faith, on that highest round—beyond the thin vail—at the very entrance of heaven's gate, in triumph sing:

"O, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns—
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of pleasure unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!"

THE GRAVE.

BY ÆOLIA.

"WHY," says Ossian, "shouldst thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes: it howls in the empty court, and whistles around thy half-worn shield."

The thought of the grave has been, in all ages, and to all men, at least, an object of the deepest solemnity, if not the wildest terror. There have been some among the uncivilized nations, that looked upon its flowery turf and enduring monuments, seemingly, without a murmur, or any degree of anxiety; but it was rather the calmness of despair, than the quiet of the mind reposing upon something higher than itself. Pride caused the Indian to fold his blanket closely around him, and await firmly the dread Unknown, who would carry him, soul and body, to the spirit land. Fear, lest his God should wreak terrible vengeance upon him, is the actuating principle within the Asiatic, when he throws himself under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut.

Do you ask, "Why this fear?" It is because the eternal aspirations of our souls, stamped with immortality, and grasping at the incomprehensible substance, shrinks back from the contact of the cold earth and its devouring worms. The grave is terrible, because it is a mystery which the reason of man and the study of nature has never fathomed. As Shakspeare has said, "It is the bourne from whence no traveler has returned;" or, in the more beautiful and stately language of the Bible, "As the cloud is consumed and vanished away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house: neither shall his place know him any more."

It was given to the Christian religion to dispel these doubts that harrow the soul to despair. Even yet a deep mist hangs around the grave; but it is the golden and purple hues of an autumnal sunset, rather than the murky fog by which it was formerly enveloped. To the good man there is hope in death, and the grave is the vestibule to the paradise of God, where it shall be forgotten in a most glorious existence.

Many of our poets have written beautifully on the grave, particularly Bryant and Montgomery. The lines of the former are always present to us when our minds revert to this subject, passing before us with a prophet-like grandeur, that reminds us of those who wrote by inspiration of God.

"So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

A SKETCH.

BY ANNA.

It was a lovely day in April. Here and there you might have seen a light cloud floating on the breeze. The sun had looked forth, and caused all vegetation to spring up and grow. The birds were singing sweetly. The little rivulets had broken their icy fetters, and now, entirely free, were rolling on to join the majestic river, and thence to the mighty ocean. O, it was bright and beautiful without, but darkness and gloom pervaded the minds of those that stood around the bed of the dying Lucy. She was what the world calls a good girl. Always ready to relieve the wants of the needy whenever she had it in her power, she had endeared herself to all around her. But thirteen short months had, with rapid flight, hurried away into eternity since she stood before us a youthful bride; but these had changed the scene; and now she lies upon a bed of affliction—of death. She had never professed faith in Christ; but O the world had charms for her, which drew her from her Savior, and she had lived in a backslidden state for some years; and now that she is afflicted, she is destitute of the comfort she so much needs. O, that was a trying time. I well remember the anxiety that sat on every face. We felt that she was just on the borders of eternity; and O we feared, greatly feared, though none expressed it, that she was not ready to go. Her hours on earth were almost ended, and we had gathered around her to catch her dying words, while our prayers ascended to God for a brighter evidence of her acceptance with him to be made manifest unto her. We had strong hopes for this; for we knew that she earnestly desired and prayed for it. While we thus watched beside her dying couch, all at once her countenance changed, and she seemed better. She called us all around her, and exhorted us to meet her in heaven. Then her countenance lit up with a heavenly smile, such as illuminates the face of angels. She exclaimed, "Blessed Jesus! peace! love! union!" &c., and her immortal part took its flight to the paradise of God. Happy spirit, though the body which thou once didst inhabit now molders in the grave, it is free from suffering, and thou art happy. But when the trumpet of God shall sound, the grave shall give up what it now contains, and soul and body shall bear the glorious image of God for ever and for ever.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY.

"THE responsibilities of a Christian profession," says Dr. Olin, "so often feared and shunned as intolerable burdens, under the pressure of which we are likely to make a disgraceful fall, ought rather to be invited as safeguards and helps to the working out of our salvation."

MORAD, THE MISER.

BY REV. J. DIXON.

MORAD, the miser, had accumulated a princely fortune. His soul, contracted within the narrow sphere of sordid selfishness, never recognized a brotherhood in his fellow-beings. As if exempt from the common attributes of humanity, the social virtues were discarded from his creed, and found no resting-place in his bosom. Deeply were his schemes laid for the consummation of his purposes; and Mammon, propitious to his prayers, conferred upon him unbounded affluence, in the contemplation of which he looked with chilling disdain on those whose destiny was cast in the humble walks of life. His actions seemed to say:

"What is a *poor* man? nature's refuse—chaff,
Blown by the winds of heav'n, in sportive mood.
He's like a man a hundred years of age,
Tottering without a staff on which to lean."

The kindly feelings of humanity—the reciprocal duties of human beings—the holy impulses of unperverted and generous natures, never exercised their controlling influence over his heart. He stood alone, a man among a thousand, possessing the exterior of his species, but nothing more. His was the heart of the tiger—the soul of the fiend, unsoftened by age, and unmodified by circumstances. No form of human suffering elicited from him the look of pity or the tear of compassion. The widow might hopelessly pine away, the orphan die with hunger, death, in its most appalling forms, send thousands to their long home, and mourners go about the streets, bewailing the loss of friends, "beloved in happier days," while *he*, untouched with the feelings of commiseration, watched every opportunity to take advantage of the widow, the orphan, and those whose cup was unmingled poverty. Often, when importuned to relieve the wants of the distressed, by imparting timely assistance to them, he petulantly replied, that, were it not for the advantages he derived from society, for the purpose of amassing wealth, he would rather be the sole inhabitant of some distant isle, where, undisturbed by applications for charity, he could spend the remainder of his days, in counting over his immense treasures, and in paying unceasing homage to the object of his worship. On one occasion, having been unusually successful in the accomplishment of his designs, he retired to his chamber, and there, in the following language, communed with his dishonest gains:

"How precious is this sight! And had these eyes,
From inflammation, wept these twenty years,
This sight had cured them, as by magic charm.
And when my eyes are failing fast in death,
And vision is imperfect, then will I
Call for these shining gods, and bid them, O,
A long farewell! This key by death alone
Shall drop, unused by me! And when I must
Pass through the valley and the shades of death,

(If heav'n is pav'd with gold,) some angel bright,
Direct me to a glittering heap in heav'n!
My eye I'll not lift up to Him that sits
High thron'd in bliss, but call his *gold* my *god*!"

Morad, having thus performed his evening devotions, with intensity of feeling, retired to his bed, on which he revolved, in his mind, new schemes for the accumulation of wealth. The last words he uttered, when falling to sleep, were, "Gold! gold!" After he had fallen asleep, he fancied himself hurried, by some invisible power, into a region of darkness indescribably dreary. While, horror stricken, he was fearfully contemplating his condition, he beheld, approaching him, a spirit of terrific aspect. Morad, trembling, inquired his mission. "I am," said the spirit, "the angel of death, and have come to summon thee to leave, for ever, thy earthly possessions, and be an inhabitant of another world." This said, he touched Morad with his sceptre, and suddenly the soul, affrighted, issued forth upon its boundless voyage. Its first perception was—interminable darkness! Onward and onward was Morad, in his silence, compelled to follow his guide. After a lapse of some time, the conductor thus addressed Morad:

"As thou didst, in the other world, voluntarily alienate thyself from a participation in the common sympathies of mankind, and didst slight the institutions ordained by God; and, moreover, as thou didst petulantly wish a place remote from society, thou shalt now have thy desire. Look at me! hear me! I am the last being whose form thou shalt see—whose voice thou shalt hear. Here, in perpetual darkness and silence, thou shalt wander alone! Thou hast rejected society, and society now justly rejects thee." This said, the spirit spread its darkened wings and disappeared. Indescribable were the feelings of Morad. Casting his eyes around on immeasurable darkness, he exclaimed, in the writhings of agony, "I am *alone*!" But no voice responded to the wailings of the doomed spirit. Even the echoes of those wailings might have mitigated the intensity of his sorrow, but no responsive echoes were heard! Thus surrounded with darkness and silence, Morad reflected, bitterly, on the cause of his misery; and, wherever he was, in that indefinable region of despair, he was haunted with the recollection of the contempt with which he had treated the social relations, and also with the remembrance of his avarice, which had seen, with one glance, and accomplished, with one stroke, the *ultimatum* of his desires. Sometimes he would seem to fly thousands and thousands of miles through the illimitable solitudes of night. "O!" he exclaimed, "were I but permitted to return to earth, I would joyfully recognize the social order, by distributing my ample fortune among the suffering thousands of my fellow-beings. But now, alas! I am doomed to be here for ever—*alone*!" As he uttered the fearful word,

"alone!" he awoke, trembling, as did the impious king when the invisible Hand had written upon the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

When Morad appeared in his family, his countenance was greatly altered, and grief sat gloomily conspicuous on his features. Calling several of his servants, he gave orders to invite to his house, on a certain day, the widow, the fatherless, the "poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind." The time having arrived, many were present, not only of the poor, but also of the rich. Morad arose, with a voice tremulous from mental agony, and said: "Friends and neighbors, no doubt you are curious to know why, by *my* invitation, you are here to-day. I will try to satisfy your curiosity. I have been, as you all know, through life, accumulating wealth, regardless of the dictates of justice, or the sentiments of humanity. Determined to accomplish my purpose, I disregarded all the ordinary means to rescue me from a course of conduct shamefully debasing to a being stamped with immortality. Unalarmed by the thunders of Sinai, unmoved by the winning accents of mercy from Calvary, with my ears closed and my eyes shut to the touching appeals of suffering humanity, 'my steps had well-nigh taken hold on hell.' But it pleased the Almighty, in the visions of the night, to awaken me to a sense of my perilous condition. I dreamed that I was doomed, *alone*, eternally, to darkness and silence, because I had despised the order of Providence, and looked with proud contempt on those whose station, in point of wealth, was inferior to mine. I am now heartily sorry for my sins, and could weep for ever for my transgressions. Conscious that I cannot merit heaven by alms-giving, yet, touched with keen remorse for past offenses, I have invited my poor neighbors here to-day, that I may relieve, in some degree, my burdened conscience, by doing my duty." Thus saying, Morad, out of his immense treasures, relieved, unostentatiously, the poor and the needy, and caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. "Having thought upon his ways, and turned his feet to the testimonies of the Almighty, he made haste and delayed not to keep his commandments." After this Morad lived many days, and was actively engaged in every good word and work.

CHEERFULNESS.

It is a very common circumstance to confound cheerfulness with mirth. They are things, however, widely different. The former is a habit, the latter a mere act of the mind. The one is fixed and permanent, the other short and transitory. Mirth is the gleam of lightning, that breaks through the darkness of the storm, giving a brilliant yet fitful light: cheerfulness is the calm sunlight which continually fills the mind with a deep and unbroken serenity.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY REV. JOHN DANIEL.

I HAVE thought the autumn of our climate the most pleasant season of the year. Nature appears to have exhausted her prolific energies, and to be gradually seeking repose. The sun has lost its glowing fervor, and the air its sultry and oppressive effect. Nature is tinged with melancholy; but it is the melancholy that a noble mind courts rather than shuns. Its associations are "mournfully pleasing." They act kindly upon the heart, and lift the soul, in the elevations of a refined and intelligent piety, to the infinite Creator.

It was on one of the most beautiful days of this rich and interesting season, that I attended an afternoon appointment of my charge, after which I was pledged to attend a camp meeting some thirty miles distant. By the time I was ready to start, the sun was sinking below the horizon, bearing that peculiar, red-like aspect common to the season. And the moon, "full-orbed," appeared in the opposite part of the sky. Consequently, the greater part of the distance was traveled in the night. Every thing seemingly contributed to make the ride pleasant and profitable. My own mind was calm and tranquil as the evening that was closing around me. I had just spent a profitable hour of devotion with beloved Christian brethren, and the lingerings of holy communion were still acting with favorable effect upon my spirit. I felt nothing but love for all mankind, and would, had it been in my power, have preached "Jesus and the resurrection" to the lowest fallen and the farthest off of all that compose this world's guilty population. Never did the necessity of religion to the dignity and happiness of man appear more clearly evident, while the ability and willingness of Jesus to confer it appeared equally indubitable. I had for my traveling companion one dear to my heart—the lamented, and by me never-to-be-forgotten Clipinger. Beloved youth! I had witnessed the chastening of his soul when saddened with penitential grief. And at last, when deliverance came, while alone in his closet, with what delightful step and glowing countenance did he hasten to the parsonage, to communicate the joyful tidings to one whom he knew took a lively interest in whatever related to his happiness. I took him into the Church, obtained him license to preach, and soon he was among the traveling ministry of the Church. His career was brief but brilliant. As far as my knowledge extends, a young man of greater promise to the Church has never been admitted among us. Intelligent, affable, unassuming, and breathing the sweetest spirit of piety, he presented religion in its loveliest forms, and won the hearts of even its enemies. His sun went down while it was yet day. But it set cloudless, to rise amid fuller manifestations of glory. John was

then by my side, buoyant and healthful; and we alternately talked and sung as we passed along. Nearly the whole route lay through the prairies. They apparently stretched out before us wide and interminable. The flowers, with which, in summer, they are enameled, had faded, or were concealed by the evening shades. But they had left their fragrance behind, and, steeped in dew, shed grateful odors upon the evening air. I have thought these apparently boundless meadows of the west a striking emblem of the immensity of their Author, and of the eternity in which he dwells. I have frequently stood upon one of their own eminences, and looked in every direction for something to bound the prospect and define their limits. Not a tree nor even a shrub was to be seen: their vast undulations stretched away, covered with herbage and flowers of every dye. I have seen the sun, gorgeous in glory, seemingly descend and drop down behind them, as, at sea, he apparently sinks to sleep in the ocean. At such times I have been forcibly reminded of the language of the prince of poets:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lower works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine."

But it seemed, in the present instance, that they had lost none of their magnificence by the absence of the "king of day." The moon threw over them a mild and placid radiance, and tinged their surface with a silvery hue. I thought it invested them with a solemn grandeur, congenial with their character, and clothed them with a mysterious and indefinable power. Who cleared these vast fertile plains?—how long have they remained in their present state?—what was the character of the generations once habiting them, and rambling over their surface?—and will they ever again teem with inhabitants, and their awful stillness be broken with the voice of a multitude? were questions that instinctively rose to my lips. I had heard them answered by man, but was dissatisfied and doubtful. I listened for a reply from an unquestionable source, but listened in vain: it came not. The words of the Psalmist occurred: "Be still and know that I am God." I obeyed; and silence and submission were eloquent. We traveled on—on, and seemed lost, though conscious of being in the right road. The feelings of the youthful disciple at my side were frequently raised to ecstasy, and my own usual equanimity was, at times, happily disturbed.

At length, after hours of inspiring moonlight scenery, and agreeable conversation, thought, and feeling, the sound of a human voice was wafted to us by the gentle zephyrs of the night. It proceeded from the camp-ground. We were a considerable distance off; but the speaker possessed great

vocal powers, and the night was still. As we drew nearer, the voice of melody rose aloft upon the yielding air, like the "sound of many waters." They were singing, with camp meeting fervor, one of the usual hymns for the occasion. We met with a warm greeting, and mingled with the worshipers. And it may be interesting to some of your readers to learn, that near one hundred souls were added to Immanuel's troops at this meeting.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

—
BY ALUMNUS.
—

ADIEU, my college hours,
With your happy sports and glee;
Ye are all like faded flowers—
Ye shall bloom no more for me.
The bark of life is waiting
On that dark, stormy ocean,
Where wind-toss'd waves and tempests
Are but the sailor's portion.

Adieu, ye halls of learning,
Where I've passed full many a day:
My heart is e'en now breaking,
As I turn from you away.
No more shall my tread awaken
An echo along your aisles—
The cold, cold world is calling,
With its smooth, deceptive smiles.

Adieu, thou chapel altar,
Where have knelt the young and fair,
To lift their hearts to Heav'n,
In many a lowly prayer.
Beside thee I'll kneel no more,
Nor list to those wild, sweet lays;
Ye are things of mem'ry now—
Ye are things of other days.

Adieu, ye guides parental,
Who've led me along the bow'rs
Of holy, eternal truth,
And cull'd for me its flow'rs.
Beyond the tomb may ye rest,
And far brighter crowns receive
Than glitter on brows of kings,
Or fame and honor can give!

And, O, must I bid *adieu*!
To ye of this brother band?
God grant this one petition,
To meet in a better land!
When life's rude shocks are o'er—
When its stormy sea is past,
O, may we rest where never
Shall be heard the howling blast!

SKETCH OF LAURA BRIDGMAN,
THE BLIND AND DEAF MUTE.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

FROM the window of my home, in the vicinity of Boston, extends a beautiful vista, like an avenue, through groves, over hills, across water, about three miles, to a noble edifice, which surmounts the heights at South Boston. Accompanied by a group of friends, I visited this structure the other day. I have repeatedly done so before, and at each time with increased delight. I need not inform you, Mr. Editor, who are so well acquainted with the topography of our beloved city, that it is the Perkins' Institution for the Blind, one of the most interesting of those charitable foundations for which Boston is distinguished. It stands on a commanding position, overlooking the fine scenery of the harbor and of all the adjacent country; but its greatest attraction is within—the processes of instruction and training by which sight is, as it were, given to the blind, and an extinguished sense, the most important one of the five, is renewed, not, indeed, in the sunken sockets of the eyes, but in the very “finger ends.” One name alone has, for several late years, given an interest to this institution throughout the civilized world: the almost peculiar case of *Laura Bridgman* has attracted to it thousands of visitors, and excited the attention of scientific men in both Europe and America. The annual reports of Dr. Howe, the eminent director of the asylum, are looked for with general expectation, from year to year, that the extraordinary development of this anomalously conditioned human spirit may be known.

I have shared fully this curiosity ever since the first public announcement of her case, and have not only read with intense interest the able reports of the director, which abound in profound and most entertaining discussions of its anomalous indications, but have occasionally visited the institution, to examine it for myself. As most of your readers are acquainted with Laura's history only by the brief and vague references of newspapers, I have thought I might perform an acceptable service by furnishing them a more complete outline of it.

Laura Bridgman is a native of Hanover, New Hampshire; and is now about eighteen years of age. Her health was extremely feeble in her infancy. At about the end of her second year, after a rapid restoration from her previous ailments, she relapsed suddenly. Violent disease ensued for about five weeks. Her eyes and ears suppurated, and her sight and hearing were lost for ever. It was observed, also, that her sense of smell was almost entirely gone, and her taste much injured. During five months she was confined to her bed, in a dark room. Twelve months passed before she could walk alone, and two years before she could sit up during the entire day.

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She continued to suffer, more or less, until her fourth year, when her health was pronounced restored. “But what a situation was hers!” exclaims her benevolent teacher. “The darkness and silence of the tomb were around her. No mother's smile called forth her answering smile—no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds. They, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not, even in these respects, from the dog and the cat.” Sad and desolate condition! Dickens, who visited her, describes her as “built up in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good being for help that an immortal soul might be awakened.” What must have been the incipient anxieties of that young soul, as, in its first efforts of thought, it thrust against its dark prison walls, and sought in vain to find freer access to the world and the relations without! What must have been the utter desolation of its later years, notwithstanding its but partial growth, if it had been destined to pass through its adult life with the augmented consciousness and introspection which must have attended them, but with the same limited perception of the external world! We cannot suppose the case without an insupportable sense of horror. Sightless, speechless, without hearing, without smell, and almost without taste, connected with the infinitely varied universe, and the affectionate relations of life, by a single sense, what a condition for a thinking and sensitive spirit! How painful the exhibition of its scarcely availing efforts to solve the mystery of its peculiar state, and acquire a few dim ideas of the world about it! “As soon as she could walk,” says her distinguished benefactor, “she began to explore the room and then the house. She became familiar with the form, density, and weight, and heat of every thing she could lay her hands on. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat every thing herself.”

Her fate seemed hopeless; for who could conceive any method by which light could be let into her “marble cell”—the living tomb of her spirit? There was one whose enlarged sympathy and sagacious mind dared to hope for her relief; and no slight amelioration of her desolate lot did he propose. He conceived the sublime purpose of letting in upon this repressed mind the knowledge of both worlds—of teaching it language by which it should not only be enabled to communicate with its fellows, but also to read the word of God and the noble productions of mind—of awakening within it the sweet sympathies of nature and the pure affections of religion. On hearing of the child, Dr. Howe immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. “I found

her," he says, "with a well-formed figure, a strongly marked nervous sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action." Her parents consented to her removal, and on the 4th of October, 1837, she was placed in the Asylum.

How now is the education of this singularly unfortunate little being to be attempted? It is obvious that some scientific method must be adopted. The process by which she had already been struggling for ideas might be continued: articles might be placed in her hands and forms thereby taught her, and ideas of approbation communicated by gentle pattings, or of disapproval by more violent indications; but this method must be vague and endless in its detail, and could produce but a slight development of her faculties—more painful, perhaps, than profitable, as it must only remind her of the terrible fetters which bound her struggling powers. It would have one appalling deficiency: it could furnish no method, or, at least, none of any value, by which she could communicate her thoughts to others. A traveler cast among foreigners whose tongue was utterly unknown to him, would be more able to communicate with them, than Laura by such a method; he could see surrounding objects, could indicate his wants by pointing to them, or by comparing them. We must suppose him to be not only cast among strangers of such an unknown speech, but to be cast among them *without sight*, if we would appreciate the difficulty: nay, even this would not be sufficient; we must suppose him destitute of *hearing*, so that his bewildered comprehension is left without the aid of those sounds of command or request, of menace or sympathy which so subtly and so effectually aid the communication of thought. And even this extraordinary helplessness would not compare fully with the deplorable condition of this afflicted child; we must suppose the confounded stranger to be destitute, not only of a knowledge of the tongue spoken around him, destitute of sight, and destitute of hearing, but incapable, at the same time, of any *utterance* by which he could signify, without more intelligible language, his wants; for though Laura has a species of violent utterance at times, yet, like all mutes, she has no ability to modulate it so as to express variety of feeling. Singular helplessness!

The man who could have the courage and benevolence to undertake to master such difficulties must be among the noblest of his race. Dr. Howe perceived that there was no mode of instruction to be adopted in the case but that used with ordinary children, the use of *arbitrary language*, or signs of thought, by which she could express, not only the existence, but the mode or condition of the existence of any thing. *But how is this to be done? A priori*, it seems absolutely impracticable. We cannot teach her as we can ordinary children, ideas by arbitrary sounds, because she cannot *hear* them. Nor can we

teach her, as we can the deaf, by arbitrary *signs*, for she cannot *see*. She has but one sense by which we can communicate with her mind—*feeling*. She must, therefore, read, speak, and hear through the single sense of feeling; her little hand must virtually be made ear, mouth, and eye to her! Can it be done? Yes; *perseverantia vincit omnia*—the immortal soul can triumph over every thing but the unalterable interdictions of the universe.

The wondrous task has been accomplished, and now this forlorn child is ripening into the maturity of womanhood with an intelligent mind and beautiful character. She sits among her associates, and converses with them as intelligibly, if not as rapidly, as we who have been more fortunate. The sweet affections of social life have been awakened into vivid life within her spirit. A bright and even buoyant cheerfulness has burst upon her dark lot, like the beauty of spring upon the desolation of winter. She knows God and has learned to commune with him. She reads his word. She has studied the sciences, and is still studying them with daily progress. She writes to her friends, and sends her letters across the ocean. Thought and feeling, society and books, life, in fine, with its blessed variety (though not as fully as with us) has been bestowed upon her.

But how? The process, though simple enough when explained, is too interesting to be omitted.

Her instructor saw that two classes of signs were to be taught her, answering to our *letters* and *sounds*, the one for *reading*, the other for *speech*. The first were common letters, raised, by feeling which she learned to read, and, at last, by imitating them, to write; for the purposes of speech, the manual alphabet, used in the deaf and dumb institutions, was adopted; but as she could not see the signs, they were made on her hands.

The description of the first success of these instructions is to us marvelously interesting.

"The first experiments," says Dr. Howe, "were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was, that of imitation and memory. She

recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process, first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things. After awhile, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side, so as to spell, *book, key, &c.*; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words, *book, key, &c.*; and she did so."

Gratifying as this progress was, it was thus far no more than the mechanical success with which some brute creatures are taught to imitate human intelligence—it was only *imitation*, and the evidence of an intelligent comprehension of the instructions given, were looked for with eager anxiety by her teachers. The interesting moment came, and the sublime triumph of intellect was revealed to the delighted eye of her benefactor. "The poor child," he says, "had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated every thing her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her: her intellect began to work: *she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of any thing that was in her own mind and show it to another mind*; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot: it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome."

Proud moment for the generous man who had undertaken the apparently hopeless task! "Throughout his life," says Charles Dickens, "the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness."

The process of her instruction is thus farther described by the Director.

"The result thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labor were passed before it was effected. When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also, a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different

letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid." So rapid, indeed, was the progress, that, in three months, it was reported, that the child had actually learned to *converse* in the language of the manual alphabet used by deaf mutes. "It is a subject of delight and wonder," says the report, "to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labors. Her teacher gives her a new object; for instance, a pencil: first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it, by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends a lesson." Beautiful example of an unfolding mind! "She then," continues the report, "holds up her tiny fingers and spells the word by the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and, last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon, or in contact with, the pencil or whatever the object may be." During the year, she acquired such skill in the use of the manual alphabet, that it became difficult to follow the rapid motion of her speaking fingers. It was noticed that she not only *soliloquizes* in the "finger language," but carries on the conversations of her dreams in the same speech.

We cannot detail her subsequent progress, suffice it to say, that it has been unexpectedly rapid. She has learned to write, and keeps a diary, which exhibits excellent penmanship for one in her situation—a fair, square hand. She can write straight without the use of any indications of a line. She has studied the elements of geography, natural philosophy, arithmetic, &c. Her faculties manifest considerable vigor. She is intensely eager for knowledge, and receives new ideas often with a rapture of delight, embracing her teacher with inexpressible gratitude. Her perception, not only of things, but of their relations, is quick and distinct. She can even appreciate the different grades of intellect around her, and occasionally shows a little of the Saxon pride of superiority—preferring for her companions the more intelligent inmates of the institution, and pretty obviously disliking and declining the company of such as are of inferior calibre, except when she can draw some service from them. "She takes advantage of them," says her benefactor, "and makes them wait upon her in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others."

So much for the exhumation of this young spirit from its dark and silent tomb of clay. Its intellectual

life has been developed; but what was to be the result in regard to its moral development? We looked with most anxious solicitude for a solution of the inquiry. *A priori*, it might have been supposed that a soul so shackled and cramped would present a most unfavorable, a distorted, if not monstrous *morale*. And it was not improbable even that the increased activity of its improved mental faculties would, by disclosing to its own consciousness the deplorable singularity of its condition, and by the increased conflict of these faculties with the difficulties that walled them in, only irritate it to anguish, and cover it with a deeper gloom of despair. A snail or an oyster may be perfectly happy, according to its capacity, in a shell, because its shell is proportioned to its capacity; but what would a human soul be, thus contracted and incrustated? And how little better can we imagine it, when inclosed in a mass of flesh, with no other communication with the surrounding universe than the sense of touch—the fingers? We are reminded of Dante's fearful description of those spirits in perdition, which, inclosed and incorporated in petrified trees, retaining their consciousness, but deprived of external sense, shed eternal sighs on the parching breeze, and weep tears of dew from the stony and leafless branches upon a soil of ashes. The happiness of this poor child is, alas! in her ignorance. She recollects no other state than her present desolate one. Should any one of us, after the usual experience of life, be thus smitten, and left without sound, sight, smell, taste, and speech, and yet with the recollection of all our lost faculties, we could not survive the privation a week. Reason would fall, and life itself sink under the intolerable consciousness of such a fate.

• But, instead of gloom or irritability, this interesting child has exhibited a character full of gentleness and joy. Few ordinary children, indeed, have equaled her in amiability and cheerfulness. Her imprisoned spirit seems unable to contain its grateful sense of happy existence. We are sure the reader will not grow impatient of our details here. We must again quote from her instructor. He says:

"It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception: nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gayety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group. When left alone, she

seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with the left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish, and laughs, and then, with the right hand, strikes the left, as if to correct it." If she meets, in the passage ways, any of her blind associates, she immediately recognizes them; but "if it be one of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow—there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses." "In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering," &c.

These statements were made early in the experiment of her education. Later reports say that her emotions "are always joyful, always pleasant, and hopeful; and there is no doubt that the glad flow of spirits which she constantly enjoys contributes not only to her physical health, but to the development of her mind. There is none of the wear and tear produced by the grit of discontent; every thing is made smooth by the oil of gladness. She rises uncalled at an early hour; she begins the day as merrily as the lark; she is laughing as she attires herself and braids her hair, and comes dancing out of her chamber as though every morn were that of a gala day; a smile and a sign of recognition greet every one she meets; kisses and caresses are bestowed upon her friends and her teachers; she goes to her lesson, but knows not the word *task*; she gayly assists others in what they call housework, but which she deems play; she is delighted with society, and clings to others as though she would grow to them; yet she is happy when sitting alone, and smiles and laughs as the varying current of pleasant thoughts passes through her mind; and when she walks out into the field, she greets her mother nature, whose smile she cannot see, whose music she cannot hear, with a joyful heart and a glad countenance; in a word, her whole life is like a hymn of gratitude and thanksgiving. I know that this may be deemed

extravagant, and by some considered as the partial description of a fond friend; but it is not so; and fortunately for others, (particularly because this lesson of contentment should not be lost upon the repining and ungrateful,) she is as a lamp set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid. She is seen and known of many, and those who know her best will testify most warmly in her favor." * * * *

"To the child with all his senses, the acquisition of a language, which has already been perfected by the labor of many successive generations, is an easy and pleasant task, and accomplished without any teacher; for the deaf mute the difficulty is increased a thousand fold; for the deaf, dumb, and blind, it is immeasurably greater still; and for poor Laura Bridgman it is even more increased by the fact that she has not that acuteness of smell and taste, which usually aid those in her situation, and that she relies upon touch alone. Nevertheless, she goes on, joyously using her single small talent, patiently piling up her little heap of knowledge, and rejoicing as much over it as if it were a pyramid." * * * *

"She laughs aloud," says the same report, "and is almost constantly doing so. In romping and frolic she becomes quite noisy, and thus obtains some exercise of her lungs. No words can describe adequately the eagerness of her manner, and the pleasurable expression of her countenance, when she gets a new idea, and turns to hug her teacher in her glee."

Her manners are marked by perfect decorum. The reports assure us, that, as to cleanliness, modesty, sobriety, &c., she needs no instruction. She is always clean in person and neat in dress; and the slightest exposure will call the blush to her maiden cheek. She adapts her manners to the occasion or company about her; and, notwithstanding the privation of almost all her senses, such is the subtilty of her sensibility, that she discerns, with marvelous accuracy, surrounding company or circumstances, and the conduct appropriate to them. "Nothing," says her teacher, "can occur in a room without her getting some idea of it. At table she always contrives to find out how many people there are; she knows when they are done eating; she can even perceive the slightest jar made by drumming on the table with the fingers or fork." She seems to have the law of propriety and right engraven on her heart, and to perceive instinctively what is befitting.

Her affections are tender and active. Her treatment of her young associates, already described, is evidence of the remark. A very affecting instance of her filial feeling has been recorded by Dr. Howe, which we must give in his own language. After about six months absence from her mother, the latter visited the asylum. "The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious, was playing

about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

"After awhile, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger: she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest. She became very pale, and then suddenly red. Hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety; and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded: her playmates, for whom, but a moment before, she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

"The subsequent parting between them showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother

with the other; and thus she stood for a moment: then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child."

Opinions have been rather freely, and, we think, rather inconsiderately expressed, respecting the director's method in her religious education. Her age, according to the usual course, would justify a fuller communication of religious truth; but it must be borne in mind, that her intellectual capacity bears no proportion to her years and physical growth. At sixteen she was hardly competent to comprehend more than a child at six. Dr. Howe has, therefore, guarded against all precipitancy in her religious instruction. A too early acquaintance with the higher doctrines of revealed truth would only baffle and confound her developing faculties. The use, for instance, of the metaphorical language of religion is peculiarly indiscreet in her case; for though she has some capacity to appreciate similes and tropes, yet is it exceedingly slight, and of exceedingly slow growth. Some over-zealous friend, in the absence of her teacher, talked to her of "the Lamb of God," &c., a most unfortunate expression for her, though full of blessed significance to us who are more happily gifted. It confused her thoughts; she could not understand it. "The Lamb of God was to her a *bona fide* animal; and she could not conceive why it should remain so long a lamb and not grow old like others and be called a sheep." It is obvious that great care is necessary to prevent distorted and even degrading impressions on a mind like hers respecting the holiest of subjects; and just in proportion as such subjects are lofty and abstract is the liability of their misapprehension. It has, therefore, been the object of Dr. Howe to develop her mental faculties first, instilling into her opening mind, meanwhile, the simpler principles of truth, and postponing the abstruser ones till her capacity shall be more adequate to them. We must be permitted, however, to remark, that it seems to us his caution is somewhat extreme. There are ideas of our sinfulness and of salvation through the divine Mediator, which do not embarrass the earliest comprehension of childhood, and which would, doubtless, relieve many of the deep solicitudes—unavoidable, though they may be unexpressed—of his interesting pupil. So far as we can judge, it is not so much the inadequacy of her capacity as his own peculiar theological opinions that interfere with her instruction in these elementary principles. We approve his discretion, generally, but should be more satisfied with it, were it not so much based upon what we deem unevangelical views of those vital truths of revealed religion, without which, we believe, there can be no relief to the deep moral anxieties of our fallen nature.

Dr. Howe believes that Laura arrived, herself, at the conception of a supreme Cause; and he denies

the common affirmation that deaf mutes have no such conception till taught it by their teachers. He seems not to have withheld from her any religious truth which her capacity and his own conscientious opinions would admit. Her conversations and letters manifest much religious interest. She shrinks at the thought of death. A little pupil died in the institution. The fact was carefully revealed to her by her instructor. "At the word *died*, she seemed to shrink within herself: there was a contortion of the hands—a half-spasm, and her countenance indicated, not exactly grief, but rather pain and amazement; her lips quivered, and then she seemed about to cry, but restrained her tears." She eagerly inquired respecting the nature of the fearful change, until her teacher, fearing the consequences, dismissed the subject. "*I shall not die!*" she exclaimed emphatically, not in reference to her soul, but "she was shrinking," he writes, "at the thought of physical death, and I turned the conversation. I could not have the heart to give the poor child the baneful knowledge before I had prepared the antidote." But, alas! why not give her the antidote? She has got "the baneful knowledge," as her conversation shows, and it will rankle, unobserved, perhaps, yet with agony in her inmost soul. The knowledge of the antidote, as taught by the great apostle, (Hebrews, ii, 14, 15,) involves no greater collateral difficulties than the knowledge of death itself.

The idea of God is incessantly alluded to in her letters and conversations, so far as we have seen the record of them. "*Can God see? has he eyes? can he be angry? can he cry?*" are frequent questions, showing alike the anxiety and imperfection of her thoughts on the subject. Thoughts of death and God even enter into her dreams. "I sometimes dream of God," said she to her teacher. "What did you dream about last night?" inquired the latter. "I dreamed that God took away my breath to heaven," was her reply, accompanying it with the sign of taking something away from her mouth. When Dr. Howe was in Europe, in the spring of 1844, she wrote him a letter, of which the following is an extract. It discloses the confusion and anxiety of her religious ideas:

"MY VERY DEAR DR. HOWE,—What can I first say to God when I am wrong? Would he send me good thoughts, and forgive me when I am very sad for doing wrong? Why does he not love wrong people if they love him? Would he be very happy to have me think of him and heaven very often? Do you remember that you said I must think of God and heaven? I want you to please to answer me to please me. Is God ever ashamed? I think of God very often to love him. Why did you say that I must think of God? You must answer me all about it: if you do not I shall be sad. Shall we know what to ask God to do? When will he let us go to see him in heaven? How did God tell people

that he lived in heaven? How could he take care of folks in heaven? and why is he our Father? When can he let us go in heaven? Why can not he let wrong people to go to live with him and be happy? Why should he not like to have us ask him to send us good thoughts, if we are not very sad for doing wrong?"

In sincerity and conscientiousness she seems far above ordinary children. In the report of 1843, Dr. Howe says that he could recollect no example of moral obliquity, except under strong temptation. He gives an instance which illustrates the tenderness of her conscience, while it shows a species of guile universally common to childhood:

"She came to me one day dressed for a walk, and had on a new pair of gloves which were stout, and rather coarse. I begun to banter and tease her, (in that spirit of fun of which she is very fond, and which she usually returns with interest,) upon the clumsy appearance of her hands, at which she first laughed, but soon began to look so serious and even grieved, that I tried to direct her attention to something else, and soon forgot the subject. But not so poor Laura; here her personal vanity, or her love of approbation, had been wounded; she thought the gloves were the cause of it, and she resolved to be rid of them. Accordingly, they disappeared, and were supposed to be lost; but her guileless nature betrayed itself; for, without being questioned, she frequently talked about the gloves, not saying directly that they were lost, but asking if they might not be in such or such a place. She was uneasy under the new garb of deceit, and soon excited suspicion. When it reached my ears, I was exceedingly pained, and moreover doubtful what course to pursue. At last, taking her in the most affectionate way, I began to tell her a story of a little girl who was much beloved by her parents, and brothers, and sisters, and for whose happiness every thing was done; and asked her whether the little girl should not love them in return, and try to make them happy; to which she eagerly assented. But, said I, she did not, she was careless, and caused them much pain. At this Laura was excited, and said the girl was in the wrong, and asked what she did to displease her relations. I replied, she deceived them. They never told her any thing but truth, but she one day acted so as to make them think she had not done a thing, when she had done it. Laura then eagerly asked if the girl told a fib, and I explained to her how one might tell a falsehood, without saying a word; which she readily understood, becoming all the time more interested, and evidently touched. I then tried to explain to her the different degrees of culpability resulting from carelessness, from disobedience, and from intentional deceit. She soon grew pale, and evidently begun to apply the remarks to her own case, but still was very eager to know about '*the wrong little girl*,' and how her parents

treated her. I told her her parents were grieved, and cried, at which she could hardly restrain her own tears. After awhile she confessed to me that she had deceived about the gloves; that they were not lost, but hidden away. I then tried to show her that I cared nothing about the gloves; that the loss of a hundred pairs would be nothing if unaccompanied by any deceit. She perceived that I was grieved, and going to leave her to her own thoughts, and clung to me as if in terror of being alone. I was forced, however, to inflict the pain upon her.

"Her teachers and the persons most immediately about her, were requested to manifest no other feeling than that of sorrow on her account; and the poor creature, going about from one to another for comfort and for joy, but finding only sadness, became agonized with grief. When left alone she sat pale and motionless, with a countenance the very image of sorrow; and so severe seemed the discipline, that I feared lest the memory of it should be terrible enough to tempt her to have recourse to the common artifice of concealing and prevarication by another, and thus insensibly get her into the habit of falsehood. I therefore comforted her by assurances of the continued affection of her friends, and tried to make her understand that their grief and her suffering were the simple and necessary consequences of her careless or willful misstatement, and made her reflect upon the nature of the emotion she experienced after having uttered an untruth, how unpleasant it was, how it made her feel afraid, and how widely different it was from the fearless and placid emotion which followed truth."

But we are trespassing on our limits. A change has come over Laura. She is no longer a child, but is passing into the sphere of the higher thoughts and deeper anxieties which pertain to womanhood. During the past year her health has been feeble. "She was placid and uncomplaining," says the last report, "and though never gay as in former years, she was never gloomy. She appeared to feel no fear or anxiety concerning her health; and when questioned closely about it, she would answer that she was very well. Indeed, the change had come over her so slowly and gradually, that she seemed to be hardly conscious of it, and showed surprise when it was alluded to. As she grew thinner, and paler, and weaker, she appeared to be laying aside the garments of the flesh, and her spirit shone out brighter through its transparent vail. Her countenance became more spiritualized, and its pensive expression told truly, that, though there was no gloom, neither was there any gladness in her heart. Her intellect was clear and active, and she would fain have indulged in conversation and study about subjects of a serious nature; but she was sensitive and excitable, and the mental activity and craving were perhaps morbid. Be that as it may, however, she was at a fearful crisis in her life, and it seemed to be our first

duty to save that. She was, therefore, not only diverted from all exciting trains of thought, but dissuaded from pursuing her usual course of study."

By careful treatment she recovered, her flesh returned, and her spirits improved. "Nor is the change in the last respect uninteresting in a moral point of view," says the report. "Before her illness, she was not only a happy but a merry child, who tripped cheerfully along her dark and silent path of life, bearing sportfully a burden of infirmity that would have crushed a stout man, and regarding her existence as a boon given in love, and to be expended in joy. Since her illness, she seems to be a thoughtful girl, from whom the spontaneous joy of childhood has departed, and who is cheerful or sad in sympathy with the feelings of those about her. I hope and believe that her health will be perfectly restored, although it is still very frail, and easily deranged by any over-exertion of body or mind. Perhaps a complete change may take place in her physical system, and her now slender form develop itself into the proportions of a large woman: such changes are not unfrequent after such severe crises. At all events, with restoration of health will come a return to those studies and occupations which have been necessarily suspended. She was just beginning to understand, that, as she was getting freed from the obligations of unconditional obedience to those who had directed her childhood, she must come under no less unconditional obedience to the new monitor and master—the conscience—that was asserting its rule within her; and the veneration and affection for human friends, which are the first objects of the awakened germ of the religious feeling, were gradually tending upward and expanding into worship and love of God.

"This transformation of her soul—this disenthralment of its high and independent powers—was becoming perfectly clear to her by means of instruction, and would have changed what had been mere habit and blind obedience into conscious duty and stern principle, but the process was necessarily interrupted. Such instruction would, of course, require the consideration of subjects which were to her of the most intensely exciting interest, and might have cost her life."

Cheering and grateful as are the emotions with which we have witnessed the development, hitherto, of this unfortunate but amiable girl, we cannot but feel an oppressive anxiety for her now that the higher consciousness and soberer thoughts of adult life are to be brought into conflict with her peculiar privations. Moral considerations alone can sustain her hereafter. She will need the strongest consolations and hopes of religion to illuminate her dark pathway to the tomb. We shall rejoice if the hope expressed in the conclusion of the last report of the asylum shall be realized:

"Already," it says, "with returning health and

strength there appear glimpses of her former gayety of heart; and though she may never again be the merry, thoughtless girl that she was, we may hope to see in her a happy and cheerful woman. She will no longer be the same object of public curiosity and interest that she has been, but she will not be the object of less care and affection to her friends so long as her frail life shall last."

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

WE speak of *home*—what mean we
By that dear word—the cot
That sheltered us in childhood,
First loved and last forgot?
Or the happy dwelling-place
That was ours in after years;
That heard our children's laughter,
And saw our children's tears?
Nay, nay; the lowly cottage
Where our loved parents dwelt—
Where, each even, round the hearth-fire,
At the same still hour we knelt—
Where we learned our first sweet Sabbath song,
Our first few words of prayer:
Its memory is holy;
But our *home*—it is not there.
Nor yet in the loved dwelling
We spoke of as our own,
When deeper cares their shadow
Over our hearts had thrown.
We were happy, O, how happy!
Earth seemed all bright and fair,
While we dwelt 'neath that dear roof-tree;
But our *home*—it is not there.
Where the dear ones who passed from us
With words of sad farewell,
Now, robed in stainless vestments,
With the bright angels dwell—
Where love is not half anguish—
Where friends meet not to part—
There is the spirit's dwelling,
The home of the calm in heart.
How many of our dear ones
Have reached that happy home!
Are they not watching for us,
Waiting till we shall come?
Deep, deep within our bosoms
Pure love for them we bear;
They remember us in heaven:
Our *home*—it is with them there.

THE Christian cause, o'er every other cause,
Shall triumph, and the world be filled with bliss.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

A DAY WITH THE CATHOLICS.

MY reader is undoubtedly advised, that this Queen City has become the centre of Catholic influence, if not for the whole country, at least for the west; and that no city of the Union affords more ample facilities for determining the true character of that influence from its daily life. Availing myself of the privilege here presented, of recognizing American Romanism, by its floating banner rather than its books, not many months ago I set apart a single day to this purpose. As I had taken my time at random, without any reference to the calendar, I resolved to select a good point for observation, and then sketch whatever scenes or incidents might occur, with the faithfulness of a Daguerreotype process. They, therefore, who shall peruse this paper, may rely upon the picture, whatever they may think of my opinions; and, I will add, both the picture and the opinions are here offered expressly for the benefit of those who, though curious in such matters, have not the opportunity of personal examination.

"You see, then," said I to a young gentlemen of my acquaintance, "that the Catholics are nice judges of a location. Yonder Cathedral occupies the best site for such an edifice in the city. It stands on the summit level of this broad and beautiful plateau. Several years ago, when the ground was first purchased for this building, some were disposed to be merry over the mistake of its projectors, in carrying it so far out from the apparent centre. But those men were better speculators, if not better philosophers, than their judges. Perceiving the eastern section of the city densely crowded, and the northern and southern limits bounded by natural barriers, their vision must have been dim indeed had they not foreseen the rapidly swelling flood of business, wealth, and population setting westward. Now their lofty temple is in the midst of a thriving portion of the city, and will soon occupy its centre."

"I have often admired," said my friend, "the architecture of that building. The outside, it is true, scarcely yet shows what it will be when completed; but the interior is certainly rich and magnificent. What do you think of the Corinthian order for a house of worship?"

"That was not the question," I replied, "with the proprietors of this edifice. All they wished was to adapt the order to the popular taste in this country; nor can you fail to know, that an infant people, whose ruling faculty is the imagination, is most pleased with what is most picturesque and ornamental. As a nation, in spite of all our boasting, we are in that state of childhood which delights in pictures. While all our physical life is coming out with vigor, astonishing the world by the most wonderful demonstrations, our intellectual life is chiefly that of fancy, and spends itself in admiration of natural and artistic beauty. All of our best artists complain of this general failing; and some, discouraged by it, have gone to foreign countries. The common people among us are great admirers of human eloquence; but they most applaud that which is highly passionate and flashy. Our literature, too, shares liberally in the predominant taste for superficial excellence; and elegant writing is now thought, by a majority of readers, to consist of fine words overlaid with the most gaudy flowers of the imagination."

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"Admitting your premises," rejoined my young companion, "the conclusion is certainly both natural and easy. You think the projectors of this great work consulted only the ruling passion of our people."

"If you are not convinced of this fact by the outside," I replied in a whisper, for we were now within the great door of the tower, "you will see it more clearly by regarding the interior. Stand here, and look in upon that double row of Corinthian columns, so perfectly designed, so smoothly fluted, resting on polished pedestals, and crowned with such richly-figured capitals. Throw your eye upward to the empaneled roof, molded into perfect keeping with the prevailing order, each panel of which is set off with a beautiful fretted border. Now, if you can see so far, or penetrate the 'dim religious light' cast by those colored windows, you will descry, at the other extremity of the vast room, a magnificent recess, guarded by a brazen fence or wall, and filled with the sacred furniture. There, at the left, is the *cathedra*, or bishop's chair, a costly sedan of crimson velvet, covered by a canopy of silk ornamented with embroidered figures and dropping tassels. At the right, outside the bronze wall, is a table supporting an immense urn, or something of that description, and above it hangs a fine picture of the crucifixion. In the centre stands the marble altar, figured all over with emblematic sculpture, and covered, though not concealed, by a flowing screen of the lightest and most open texture. The altar has two niches, or entablatures. On the lower one are ranged the sacred books, bound, lettered, and mounted with sumptuous elegance, and the ordinary utensils of the service. On the superior tablet stand ten golden candlesticks, six of them very high and massive, four of less stature, and alternated with the larger, all of which are furnished with long and superb waxen candles. The six larger ones are now burning, and seem to be radiant spots of fire, or blazing buttons, on the adjacent ceiling. High above the altar are three splendid paintings, works, I should think, by the best European masters. That on the right, as you dimly see, is the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus; and you have just light enough to distinguish a winged cherub standing a few feet behind her. On the left the crucified Redeemer is being borne along, by his friends, to the rocky tomb in the garden, the whole effect of which is very life-like and touching. The centre piece, the great ornament of the recess, and not less of the church itself, is the representation of the angel's visit to St. Peter while in prison. Not only the conception, but the drawing and coloring of this vast picture, are worthy of any artist. Look, now, upon all that brilliant scene—the brazen fence, the velvet-cushioned cathedra, the marble altar and its burnished and blazing furniture, and all that array of masterly and affecting pictures—and then ruminates a moment on the design of all this splendor."

"If, as you think, we are pre-eminently an imaginative people," replied my friend, "and I have long believed this to be one of our chief characteristics, I already perceive the *ad captandum populum* policy reigning throughout this vast pageant of art. But, lo! what comes there?"

"Nothing," said I in a low whisper, "but the actors in the religious drama about to be performed with the same captivating policy in view."

But the peals of the mighty organ, rolling and thundering through its thousand pipes, and jarring the very

wainscots and windows by its tones, closed all further conversation at a stroke. Two robed priests and a mitred bishop, preceded, in a regular line, by eight small boys in scarlet gowns, enter through a door at the right of the altar, and kneel in fine order before the burning candles and the cross. The show of devotion was never more complete than here. The bishop, with a priest on either side, and supported by his platoon of little girl-looking boys, prostrates his face to the dust. All unite in this motion with a precision much to be admired. Every thing looks devout, solemn, and profound. There seems to be a worship in their hands. Thumb lies next to thumb, the fingers are accurately sorted into their respective pairs; and the submissive palms, thus adjusted, are reverently elevated before the breast. Now, they all meekly bow, and rise, then bow again. Over the rather broad back of the little bishop—he is a small man in stature—there is a wide brocade covering, stiff with inwrought gold and silver threads, furnishing an ample canvas for a tapestried image of the cross. The officiating priest is similarly attired; but the other, who is to be the preacher for the day, is arrayed in a white crape gown mounted with a glittering collar and fastened by bright bands. The three adults in this mystic company are crowned with velvet caps, which, at stated and studied intervals, they reverently take off, and then bow themselves with an abasement more than commonly profound. During all the opening pageant, the organ keeps on in its vast and varying career, till all is hushed by two signal strokes from the presiding genius at the keys. Though the scene remains, the performers now take different parts, and the second act begins.

The bishop is now seated in his rich sedan. The preacher takes a common seat at his right, with his face turned toward the crucifix, and his back to the adoring people in their pews. The band of little boys sit quietly on a bench laid adjacent to the brazen wall. No praise could exceed the strict propriety of their behavior, the neatness of their girlish dress, nor their skill in the enactment of their several parts. No sooner does the officiating priest ascend the platform before the altar, and begin the public services of the day, than these little disciples take up their distinctive duties, as if they had been educated for nothing else. The clergyman, turning his face to the audience, with his hands adjusted as before described, repeats a few words, and then turns himself round. After bowing frequently before the cross and wax candles, and waving his hands with a peculiar motion, he carelessly lifts up a leaf or two of a large and elegantly covered book, set in a mahogany frame, and begins to chant or recite its contents in a most unmusical and monotonous tone of voice. This reading, or recitation, is now and then interrupted by low prostrations before the gilt savior on the cross. The minister is closely followed by the organist, who, with punctilious accuracy, supports each paragraph of the recitation with a choral burst from the sounding pipes. Meanwhile, the very needful and officious little lads in red, watching the progress of the ceremony, wait upon the priest at every point. The big book, now on one side of the altar, is carried religiously to the other, and then back to its former place, as if the whole import of its contents depended on the place it occupies on the marble slab. Perhaps the import, however, gives the worshipers but little or no concern; for every thing read or uttered is in a dead language; and the words are so perfectly concealed, by the style of reading, that

no mortal can make out a single sentence of what is sung or said. But the benediction is now hurriedly pronounced, the scene is changed, and the third act of this sacred play begins.

Attached to the third of the long row of columns on the right, counting from the holy place, is a mahogany pulpit, raised about ten feet above the floor, accessible by a case of winding stairs, and covered by a canopy of polished wood. The minister, leaving his brethren at rest within the brazen fence, opens the large brass gate, walks meekly through the crowd, and ascends the stairs, winding up and around the pillar to his elevated place. Without sitting down, he opens the Bible to read, and all the people stand upon their feet. From the body of the lesson he selects a text, and the sermon immediately succeeds.

The listener must not be very captious about nice points in the plan and conduct of a discourse. He must not be surprised if the text and sermon are not allied by any ties of blood; nor must he wonder to hear a new and original translation of the text itself; but he will be pleased with the graceful and easy manner by which it is pronounced: "*And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of INIQUITY, that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting DWELLINGS.*"

I know not what sort of a sermon is naturally expected, by a large and breathless audience, from a passage so difficult to be understood; but I will venture to presume, that no one present, not even the most experienced in such things, anticipates a discourse on *charity*, to be concluded with a well-pointed appeal for the perishing poor of Erin's green isle. But so it is; and the tears of many hundreds, the frequent crossings of the face and breast, and a liberal collection—not for Ireland after all, the preacher tells us, but for common use—no doubt give ample satisfaction to the parties behind the scene, and form a brilliant period to the third act in the interesting drama of the day.

The bishop, the priests, and the little boys are again bending and bowing before the burning candles on the altar. The four smaller lights are now fired by a lad holding to their ready wicks a jet of flame, miraculously fed or furnished, from the tip of a long and slender lamp-lighter. After numerous genuflections and regenuflections, all of which are performed with becoming gravity, two of the boys, leaving their companions still kneeling, pass round to the right side of the altar, and return, bearing each a small bottle. The priest extends to them a silver cup, into which they pour the contents of their vessels, and then retire in good order. In a little time the same agreeable ceremony is repeated. Now begins a more awful pageant. The priest takes the cup, sets it down before the gilt crucifix, waves his right hand most significantly over it, repeats a few Latin sentences, then raises it up, just as a little bell is ringing, for the gratification of the adoring worshipers. Now he sets the cup down again; and every good Catholic bows himself, as the useful bell rings out the second signal. Should that boy forget his bell-ringing, the most terrible profanations of the mystery might follow; but the lad is conscious of his importance, and most decidedly understands his business. But now all is over. The apotheosis is supposed to have taken place; and the priest, holding the glittering chalice high up before him, drinks its contents to the last atom. The boys next furnish, by a repetition of

their last ceremony, another supply of liquid from the same or similar little glass bottles. The cup is now closely covered, then concealed under a patch of embroidery, and finally set back beneath the blaze of the ten waxen candles. The benediction is the third time pronounced; the bishop and the priests, preceded again by the obedient and trusty little boys, march out through the door at which they entered; and the fourth act closes amidst a perfect volley of learned and laborious thunder from the organ.

The spectator, impelled by his fancy, or curious to see the drama concluded, is in his seat again in the afternoon. The great crowd being gone, he has ample room to breathe. None but the aristocracy of the Church is here. The laboring poor, having listened to the morning mass, and offered the customary amount of prayers, are out on the streets, or thronging the highways, or roaming through the country far and near. But the rich and the gay go to Church again to be entertained; and it is really an entertainment they enjoy. The long, and monotonous, and tiresome ceremonies are now done. The remainder of the day is spent in a long chorus, or series of choruses, led by the organ, and listened to attentively by the people. There is no longer that wearying repetition of prostrations, and bowings, and genuflections. The relieved worshiper leans carelessly back in his cushioned seat, the bishop and the priests being the only persons present, who seem to make any religious observance of the inspiring music of the choir. They, now and then, devoutly take off their three-cornered velvet caps, and put them on again with a reverence equally profound. All the amateurs of music enjoy a high festival, and hang upon the lips of the singers, or tremble at every sweep of the mighty instrument, with a passion frequently mistaken for devotion. The old people, with book and spectacles, follow the changes of the rapt song with a sort of hum, or low buzzing sound, which acts as a singular counterpart to the high notes of the organ. The young men and maidens, free from all anxiety about another life, amuse themselves with many a fascinating smile, and make all their worship to consist in a busy contemplation of the "human face divine." All the strangers present, and there are many of them here, sit in mute wonder at the flood of mingled melody and harmony, which comes pouring down upon them from above:

"Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart,
Wild warbling nature all above the reach of art!"

When the last sweet note of the organ has died away upon the ear, the bishop, and the priests, and the bevy of little boys rise from their seats, array themselves before the altar, and, making their last and lowest reverence, retire from the stage, leaving the people to their musings on the scenes and ceremonies of the day.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said my friend, as we were slowly retiring from the Cathedral, "that your criticism is just. They do yield every thing to what they suppose to be the popular taste. Not only in the structure and furnishing of their house, but in all the services, they strive to make a bold impression on the imagination,

and to captivate the sense. With real skill have they united architecture, painting, sculpture, and music, together with several of the less prominent of the fine arts, to make a combined and uniform effect. The ritual, I also perceive, is apparently abridged, so as to suit the characteristic haste of the American public. Every thing, from first to last, is nicely adapted to the prevailing prejudices of the people on whom they desire to act."

"Nor is this a new feature of their method of making popular their faith. It is as old as their Church. It is by this means they have acquired more than half the influence they exert. Before the fall of Rome, they borrowed from the Pagan temples many rites, and from Pagan philosophers more than half of the corrupt doctrines, which, in every period of their history, have so obscured the truth. The other half of their corruptions they derived from the early Jews, who, on condition of coming into the Roman Church, were allowed to retain such practices and opinions as they would not relinquish for the sake of Christ. Romanism, therefore, was originally a combination of Judaism and Paganism, bound together by just that amount of pure Christian doctrine, which these prevailing elements could leave undisturbed. But it has since been modified by every people, in every age, among whom it has found a place. It yields to local circumstances with an elastic grace. In Rome, it remains nearly the same as at its birth. In England, it has received a change. In China, while it existed there, it strove to conform to the doctrines of Confucius and to the rites of Fo. In France, it is nearly as liberal as Voltaire himself could wish. In the United States, where it has last appeared, it makes a virtue of bowing to our popular institutions, to our democratic manners, and to our peculiar taste."

"What, then," inquired my companion, "will be the end of all these concessions? Does Catholicism ever change?"

"You should remember," I replied, "that Romanism has two sides—an inside and an outside. It is *external* Romanism that yields. The *internal* part of it, the soul, the life of the system, remains unaltered from age to age."

At this moment my young friend and myself were compelled to take different streets. He remarked, on bidding me farewell, that he had obtained a more correct notion of Romanism from that day's observation, and intended to reflect seriously upon the subjects discussed of till we should meet again. Hoping that my reader may also have been profited, by the reports I have herein furnished him, I give him the parting hand, trusting soon to wait upon him with a very different topic.

GOOD BEHAVIOR REWARDED.

THE young ladies, who honor these pages with their notice, may derive some *classical* hints from the following remarks, and especially from the delightful story told to support them:

"Where do men usually discover the women who afterward become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to, is worth mentioning to our young lady readers. Chance has much to do in these affairs; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other place of public gayety; and nearly as few are

influenced by what may be called showing off in the streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. When and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high and the humble. Against these all the finery and airs in the world are insignificant. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burret, Esq., of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised to go to Spa, for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary, would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort; they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gayety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles; they were never out of their father's company, and never went from home except to attend him, either to take the air or drink the waters; in a word, they lived a most recluse life in the midst of a town, then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They were all married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverly, another to the Duke of Hamilton, afterward to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is but justice to them to say, that they reflected honor on their rank, rather than derived any from it."

THE DUKE OF SULLY.

SULLY, the great Duke of France, relates a very singular story of himself, which has furnished the keynote to several French romances, as the reviews inform us, but which I have not read:

"Entering one day," he says, "without any attendants, into a very large chamber, I found a man walking about it very fast, and so absorbed in thought, that he neither saluted me, nor, as I imagine, perceived me. Observing him more attentively, every thing in his person, his manner, his countenance, and his dress, appeared to me to be very uncommon. His body was long and slender; his face thin and withered; his beard white and forked; he had on a large hat which covered his face; a cloak buttoned close at the collar; boots of an enormous size; a sword trailing on the ground; and in his hand he held a large double bag like those that are tied to saddle-bows. I asked him, in a raised tone of voice, if he lodged in that room, and why he seemed in such a profound contemplation. Affronted at the question, without saluting me, or even deigning to look at me, he answered me rudely, that he was in his own apartment, and that he was thinking of his own affairs, as I might do of mine. Although I was a little surprised at his impertinence, I, nevertheless, requested him very civilly to permit me to dine in the room; a proposal which he received with grumbling, and which

was followed by a refusal still less polite. That moment, three of my gentlemen pages, and some footmen, entering the chamber, my brutal companion thought fit to soften his looks and words, pulled off his hat, and offered me every thing in his power. Then suddenly eyeing me with a fixed look, asked me, with a wild air, where I was going? I told him, to meet the king. 'What, sir!' he replied, 'has the king sent for you? Pray tell me on what day and hour you received his letters, and also at what hour you set out?' It was not difficult to discover an astrologer by these questions, which he asked me with invincible gravity. I was farther obliged to tell him my age, and to allow him to examine my hands. After all these ceremonies were over, 'Sir,' said he, with an air of surprise and respect, 'I will resign my chamber to you very willingly; and, before long, many others will leave their places to you less cheerfully than I do mine.' The more I pretended to be astonished at his great abilities, the more he endeavored to give me proofs of them—promising me riches, honors, and power."

A RELIGIOUS KING.

NOTHING, in this world, is more hidden than the real character of a king. Raised by his office far above the inspection of the public, and forced to intrust nearly all his business to his ministers and friends, his own part in the affairs of state is always a matter of speculation, and sometimes a mystery impossible to be solved. No monarch has ever been so praised, nor so severely blamed, as Henry the Fourth of France. By some writers, he has been set down as ambitious though weak, as haughty though possessed of no gift of which he could be justly proud. Others, and probably with more of truth, have regarded him as a mild and pious man, sacrificing every thing for the public good, and doing nothing merely to please himself. It is related of him, that, just before the battle of Ivry, which was to decide his fortunes for this world, he stood uncovered in the presence of his army, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced a most fervent but submissive prayer in these words: "O, Lord, thou knowest all things. If it be best for this people that I should reign over them, favor my cause, and give success to my arms. But if this be not thy will, let me now die with those who endanger themselves for my sake!" Opposed as I am to every thing but purely defensive war, and permitting that only in the worst extremes of necessity, I am not prepared to pronounce an opinion on this battle; but the sentiments expressed by the King of France, if they were ever really expressed, are worthy of David himself, and could be easily paralleled out of several of his psalms. If such, also, were the sincere sentiments of every ruler in the world, there would soon be no room for war.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

THE very learned and laborious Dr. Scoresby has been giving a series of lectures on astronomy, in which he has paid particular attention to the wonderful revelations of Lord Rosse's mammoth telescope. As there is some difference of opinion, in this country, respecting the power of that great instrument, the reader will be pleased to see, no doubt, the precise language of the lecturer on this topic:

"With respect to the moon," says the Doctor, "every object on its surface of the height of one hundred feet was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no

doubt, that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt whatever that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architectural remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearances which could lead to the supposition that it contained any thing like the green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea, or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory; all seemed desolate. Hence would arise the reflection in the mind of the Christian philosopher, Why had this devastation been? It might be further inquired, Was it a lost world? Had it suffered for its transgression? Analogy might suggest the question, Had it met the fate which Scripture told us was reserved for our world? It was obvious that all this was mysterious conjecture."

FORGIVENESS.

THE following conversation, between Mr. Wesley and one of his early preachers, has been authenticated by abundant proof:

"Joseph Bradford was for some years the traveling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health, and even life; but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness.

"Joseph," said Mr. Wesley, one day, 'take these letters to post.'

"B. I will take them after preaching, sir.

"W. Take them now, Joseph.

"B. I wish to hear you preach, sir, and there will be sufficient time for the post after service.

"W. I insist upon your going now, Joseph.

"B. I will not go at present.

"W. You won't?

"B. No, sir.

"W. Then you and I must part.

"B. Very good, sir.

"The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the refractory helper was accosted with, 'Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?'

"B. Yes, sir.

"W. And we must part?

"B. Please yourself, sir.

"W. Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?

"B. No, sir.

"W. You won't?

"B. No, sir.

"W. Then I will ask yours, Joseph.

"Poor Joseph was instantly melted—smitten as by the wand of Moses, when forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock."

THE GREAT ORGAN.

THE new organ, recently put up in Trinity church, New York, has come to be one of the wonders of the day. It is by far the largest in the United States, and is decidedly the best. Its estimated weight is sixty tons. The case is of solid oak, richly carved in the Gothic style. It is fifty-three feet high, twenty-eight feet wide,

and thirty-two feet deep. It has three sets of keys, and two octaves of pedals for the feet. It has forty-four stops, and more than two thousand pipes, the combined effect of which is said to be beyond conception. The great pedal pipe is thirty-two feet long, and measures thirty-six inches by thirty. The centre gold pipe in front is twenty-two feet long and eighteen inches in diameter. Fifteen thousand dollars, enough to build a church, is the cost of the instrument. It was exhibited soon after it was put up, and six thousand seven hundred and thirty-two tickets were sold the first day, and on the second eleven thousand four hundred and fifty-seven. It must cost something, certainly, to the pew-holders of Trinity to worship God. Jesus, sending back his message to the imprisoned John, emphatically remarked, as a token of his Messiahship, that "*the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.*" The reader may think the rest.

THE OCEAN.

No person, who has not seen the ocean, can conceive what vast thoughts come pouring in upon him, while standing on its shore. I have spent whole days in looking out upon the great expanse of waters, and watching the rolling billows at their play. I have stood on the rocky cliffs in a tempest, and seen the ocean in its rage. No words can describe the awful majesty of the scene. I have passed the night, standing alone on a narrow breezy deck, when the winds were roused, and the ship was tossing on the waves like a feather or a straw. Of all God's works, so varied and so vast in this great world, the ocean is to me the most interesting, and the most sublime. I have read many descriptions of it, but never one at all equal to the theme. The poets have written volumes on it, but the ocean is yet undescribed. One rapt bard, feeling the grandeur of his subject and the weakness of his muse, gives up all description, and imparts a lesson worthy of the laurel on his brow:

"Adoring own

The Hand almighty, who its channel'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consecrate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family."

THE QUEEN CITY.

WHO, of the thousands now thronging the streets of the great emporium of the west, thinks, that, half a century ago, it was a miserable hamlet, as unpromising as the poorest little burg in the sickliest swamp on earth! "In 1795," says Judge Burnet, "Cincinnati was a small village of log cabins, including about fifteen rough, unfinished frame houses, with stone chimneys. Not a brick had then been seen in the place, where now so many elegant edifices present themselves to the eye, and where a population is found, estimated at eighty thousand souls!" But this, reader, is only an index of the growth and prosperity of the whole of the mighty west. With what gratitude should we, who enjoy the fruit of so many years' improvement, look back upon the trials and toil of our ancestors; and how nobly we should strive to equal them in sacrifices, though of another kind, for the welfare of our great country, and the elevation of the arts and sciences, of literature and religion, throughout the vast area where our children are to erect their homes!

NOTICES.

SKETCHES FOR THE YOUNG, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS. By *Erwin House*.—We place this book at the head of the list, because we are acquainted with no volume so replete with every thing useful and entertaining to the young. There is no book within the bounds of our acquaintance, which we can so heartily recommend to parents and teachers as this; and, if all our former notices of similar works should be disregarded, we hope our readers will buy this volume, and let it circulate through the length and breadth of the land. It is a little world of useful information, and is written with a special reference to the literary and moral improvement of the young. As a specimen of the art of printing, it has few equals, and no superiors of its kind, either east or west. In every way it is a jewel, and we predict for it an abundant sale. Having been prepared and published under our own eye, without adopting every single expression, and thus making it our own, we can sincerely say, that we have selected it, from the many similar works on our editorial shelf, for the express use of our little ones at home. While it is adapted especially to young people, it seems to us calculated to be almost equally entertaining and profitable, as a choice family reading book, for riper years. We are really solicitous to see it scattered, with an unsparing hand, all over the country, and trust it will be called for with a sort of rage. It is sold by Swormstedt and Mitchell for the low price of fifty cents, with the usual large discount to wholesale purchasers.

BIBLE ESSAY, or Six Reasons why Infidels should be Christians. By *D. Trueman*. 1847.—The writer of this volume is well known by the readers of the Repository as a contributor to its pages. This work is written in the author's very best style, and is really an improvement on himself, doing honor both to his head and heart. It is full of useful matter, and can hardly fail to be profitable to all who read it. It is worthy, not only of perusal, but of careful study, and will undoubtedly meet much success. We commend it to the judicious attention and good sense of an enlightened public.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. By *Rev. George Coles Lane and Tippet*: New York. Sold by Swormstedt and Mitchell, Cincinnati. 1847.—This, to say the least that can be said, is, in almost every respect, the very best concordance now extant. It is really an improvement on all of the older works, being both more copious and more correct. What more can we say? We have used it considerably, since it was laid upon our table, and shall continue to use it in preference to any and every other within our reach.

AN ESSAY ON CHURCH POLITY, comprehending an Outline of the Controversy on Ecclesiastical Government, and a Vindication of the Ecclesiastical System of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By *Rev. Abel Stevens, A. M. Lane and Tippet*: New York. 1847.—This and the similar work of brother Fillmore, are destined to divide the patronage of the Methodist public on this vital subject; but the volume now before us will, without any doubt, take the lead as a text-book for the Church. The other work will be most read by ministers who have passed through their studies. Mr. Stevens' book abounds with erudition, and statistics bearing directly upon the subjects in debate. The first of the three parts is an able and lucid exposition of Church

government in general, and furnishes a fine preparation to the student for the remaining parts. The balance of the volume is devoted, under two grand divisions, to the *origin and structure* of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which the author exhibits a great amount of originality and talent. In every way this is a standard book. It is not only well written and correct, but judicious, safe, instructive, and popular in every part. We cannot be mistaken, we think, in predicting for it a high place among the text-books in our course of study, for young ministers, east and west; nor do we deem it probable that a better work, for this purpose, will be prepared in many years, if ever, to take its place. Swormstedt and Mitchell.

RICHESS OF GRACE. Edited by *D. S. King*.—The possibility of such an experience, as is now generally denominated Christian holiness, admits of being proved either by quotations from Scripture, by reasons drawn from the capacity of the soul and the analogy of truth, or by living witnesses professing it. This book contains the latter kind of proof, which is really so abundant, that the reader can desire no more. For sale by Swormstedt and Mitchell.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU, with a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By *William H. Prescott*.—Nothing need be said, by any magazine or newspaper, in this country or in Europe, for or against the successive historical works of Mr. Prescott. All that the public desires to know of them is, whether they have been published, and where they can be had. It is idle either to praise or find fault with such a writer. Mr. Prescott, though he has employed his pen almost entirely on foreign subjects, is entitled to the first rank among the historians of this country. His style, not quite as perfect as that of Irving in his *Life of Columbus*, is remarkably easy, and his matter is always entertaining; and his three great productions, *Ferdinand and Isabella, the Conquest of Mexico, and the Conquest of Peru*, to say nothing of his essays, will carry his name to the latest generation. The latter work will fully sustain his great fame as a classic historian. The subject of it, being not quite as fruitful as those of his preceding volumes, made higher demands upon his diction, and will, consequently, rather enhance than diminish his reputation as a chaste, easy, beautiful, and graphic writer.

JOSEPHUS ILLUSTRATED, by the Harpers, is on our table, and makes us feel singular enough in comparing it with the musty old Greek and Latin edition, in three volumes, which we happen to be at this time perusing. But we shall stick to our text, though we praise the taste and embellishments of the new edition. We find, however, that the blanks of the Greek copy are supplied by some hand, but we know not by whose dictum.

THE BOY'S SUMMER BOOK, by the same house, has been criticised by a little fellow, who is decidedly more skillful in such books than ourself; and he has pronounced it "just the thing."

WE have received catalogues of Pennington Male Seminary, Oakland Female Seminary, Henry and Emory College, Cincinnati Seminary, Wesleyan University, and of the Wesleyan Academy, all of which show these excellent institutions to be in a sound and prosperous state. The cause of education stands high in all of them, and is ever advancing higher.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Editor has many thanks to present to his able contributors for their excellent furnishings for this number, and hopes they will continue to remember him with undiminished liberality.

We will take the liberty of saying to our readers, that the article of Mr. Stevens, though rather lengthy, is too good and too much a unit to admit of division. It will richly repay the reader, who will go through with it. His contributions, we trust, and have renewed reasons to expect, will be more frequent in future numbers.

Our cotemporaries seem to think that the August number was the best issued since our editorial course began. We are really glad if they, or our readers, find any reason to be pleased.

We have received the first number of a new magazine, got up and edited by the students of the Asbury University. We are happy in seeing this demonstration of enterprise on the part of the young gentlemen of that institution. Their work does them abundant credit. They have some fine writers among them, and, by devoting time enough to it, they can make a very spirited monthly. Success to the "Platonean and Philologist!"

We are sincerely thankful to the venerable editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, for his laughable critique on one of our July pictures. Our readers have been duly informed, that, as an editor, we claim no praise for any of the prints used in the *Repository* since our incumbency began. They were all purchased four or five years ago; and our predecessors, having enjoyed the first pickings, had a perfect right to hand over to us the oft-rejected pictures remaining in their possession. But, reader, we are now done with the whole of them, and we know not in what terms to express our gratitude. Many of them have given universal satisfaction; but some we could not praise, not even officially; and among the number was the one now in question. So little that we do is worthy of any commendation, that we are grateful for the favorable regards of any of our cotemporaries or readers; but, as dear as their approbation would be to us, we beg to be excused from all insincere flattery, and prize the *good* opinion of a reviewer, who has the honesty to make objections when merited.

The editors of the *Southern Lady's Companion*, we are happy to see, hold the *Repository* in high estimation. "This is one of the few periodicals," they observe, "designed for the special use of ladies, that may be read with perfect safety, and without fear of contamination by the contact. Its contributors, generally, are of the *substantial* and *respectable* character, and its editor displays a *commendable degree of taste, talent, and industry* in his department." This, certainly, if deserved, is a very high compliment, the more to be prized as coming from a couple of gentlemen, whose feelings are a little chafed by a brief notice we have given them; but we must decline the honor they offer us, in relation to the article in our July number on "Corrupt Literature," and honestly point out the person who really deserves it. Be it known, then, that, just as that number was going to press, it became necessary for us to leave the city for a week or two, during which time a gentleman of high literary attainments, a fine writer and an author, consented to superintend the press during our absence, and fill up any little corner that might be found lacking. He it was, who wrote the complimented article in question, which, though it by no means expresses our personal views in every part of it,

furnishes the only apology those editors themselves can offer for transferring to their columns the second-hand productions of an American novelist. If they do truly "go with the editor, to the fullest extent, in opposition to the corrupt novels of the day," their faith would find a very needful support by a little consistent practice. We assure them, on the other hand, that we are in earnest in our "opposition" to all novels without exception; and, in our notices, have so constantly discouraged them, that every publisher in the country has ceased sending them to our table.

Our readers may remember, that, in our January number, we noticed a new book, entitled, "*PHRENOLOGY; or, the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena*," by Dr. Spurzheim. Little did we think, when writing that mere book notice, that the editor of the *Phrenological Journal* would deem it worthy of his notice. He does, in fact, very plainly intimate, that the piece is totally unworthy of being replied to, especially by one who has so great a work in hand as he has; but still he replies to it, not by another book notice, but by a long and labored article, in which he tries hard to upset all our reasonings on the subject. He also informs us, that he had previously enlightened the world by giving, in his *Journal*, the exact phrenological character of Mr. Wesley, and promises to send it to our office. We have not received it; and it was by mere accident that we happened to meet with the number, containing his reply to us, in the hands, not of one of his "fifty thousand subscribers," but of a neighbor's little baby. Rescuing it from the urchin's rather rough treatment, and turning carelessly over its pictured pages, we were not a little flattered to find ourself so largely talked of where we had least expected any notice; but the arguments raised to rebut our facts require no answer, and we shall give none. Mr. Fowler may have to himself his "great work," of convincing the world, that all religion and revelation must bow to his deductions from human nature.

As we now write, (August 3,) the weather is so charming and agreeable as to deserve a passing notice. During the past eight or ten days, the thermometer has not been above 80° nor below 60°. This is certainly remarkable for the season. The mornings and evenings are scarcely inferior, we are strongly inclined to think, to the mornings and evenings of the world's first garden. Occasionally we climb those hills to the north of our city, and are repaid in a manner our pen cannot reveal. The atmosphere, during the period just named, has been unusually clear; and, in consequence, every object, both on earth and in the sky, assumed its loveliest aspect. At the hour of twilight might be seen the evening star, hanging over the verdant hills in the west—hills interspersed with variegated dales and our famed beautiful river; while, from the east, the full-orbed moon was walking in "cloudless majesty," and lighting up the hills of our sister state. And then, each morn, as the sun commenced his going forth, a flood of the purest splendor was thrown over the ever-charming scenery—scenery composed of a thousand varied objects—hills, woodlands, waters, fields, gardens, towers, spires, and human dwellings. To the lover of nature, cities may be dull; but the suburbs of some of them, at least, are replete with glory and enchantment. Why do not the inhabitants seek more enjoyment *there*?

We cannot possibly comply with the invitation of our kind friends at M., as we expect, at *that* time, to be in the midst of a camp meeting in our adopted hoosier state.



MY SPIRIT HOME.

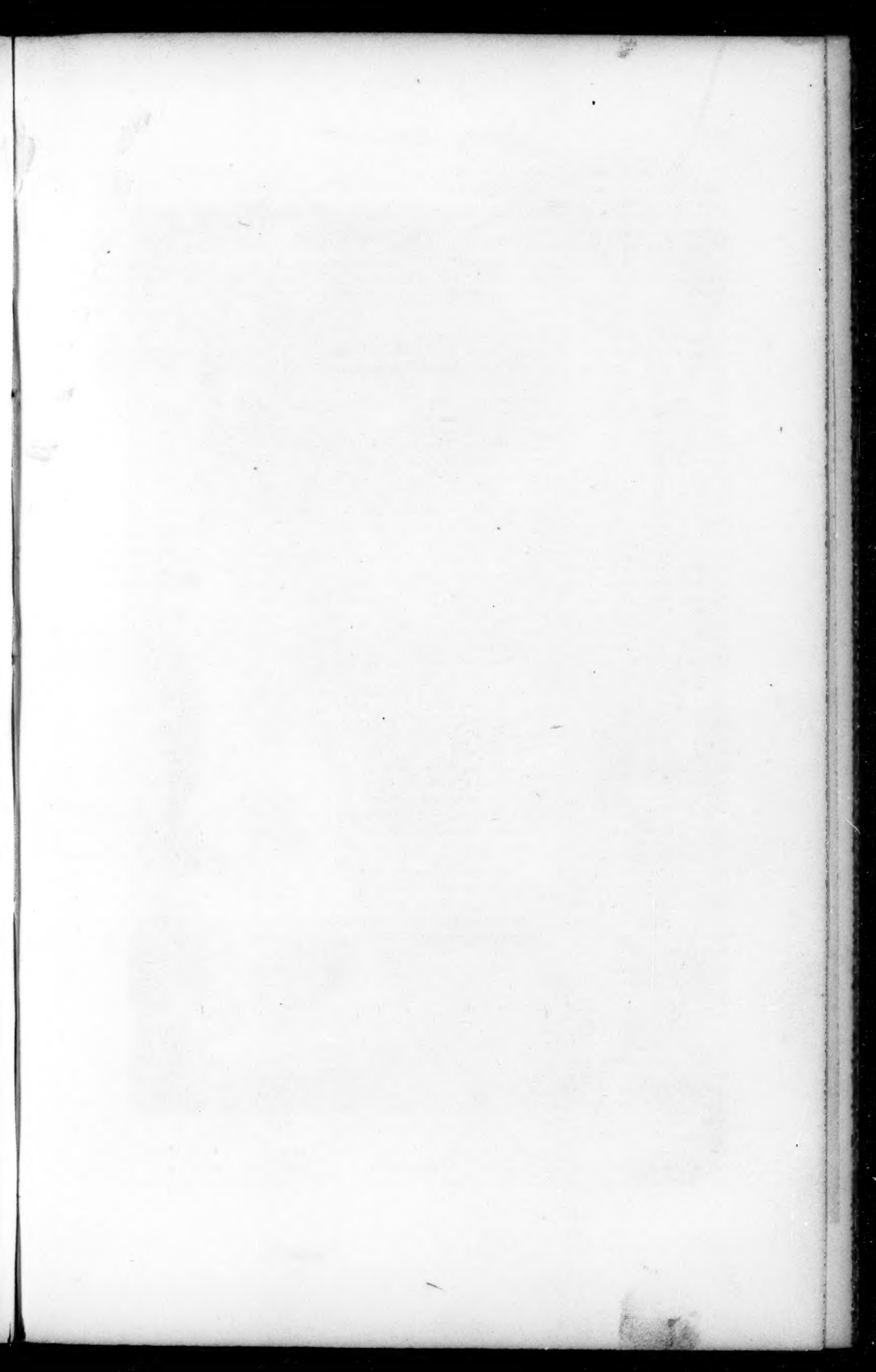
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BY N. WRIGHT.
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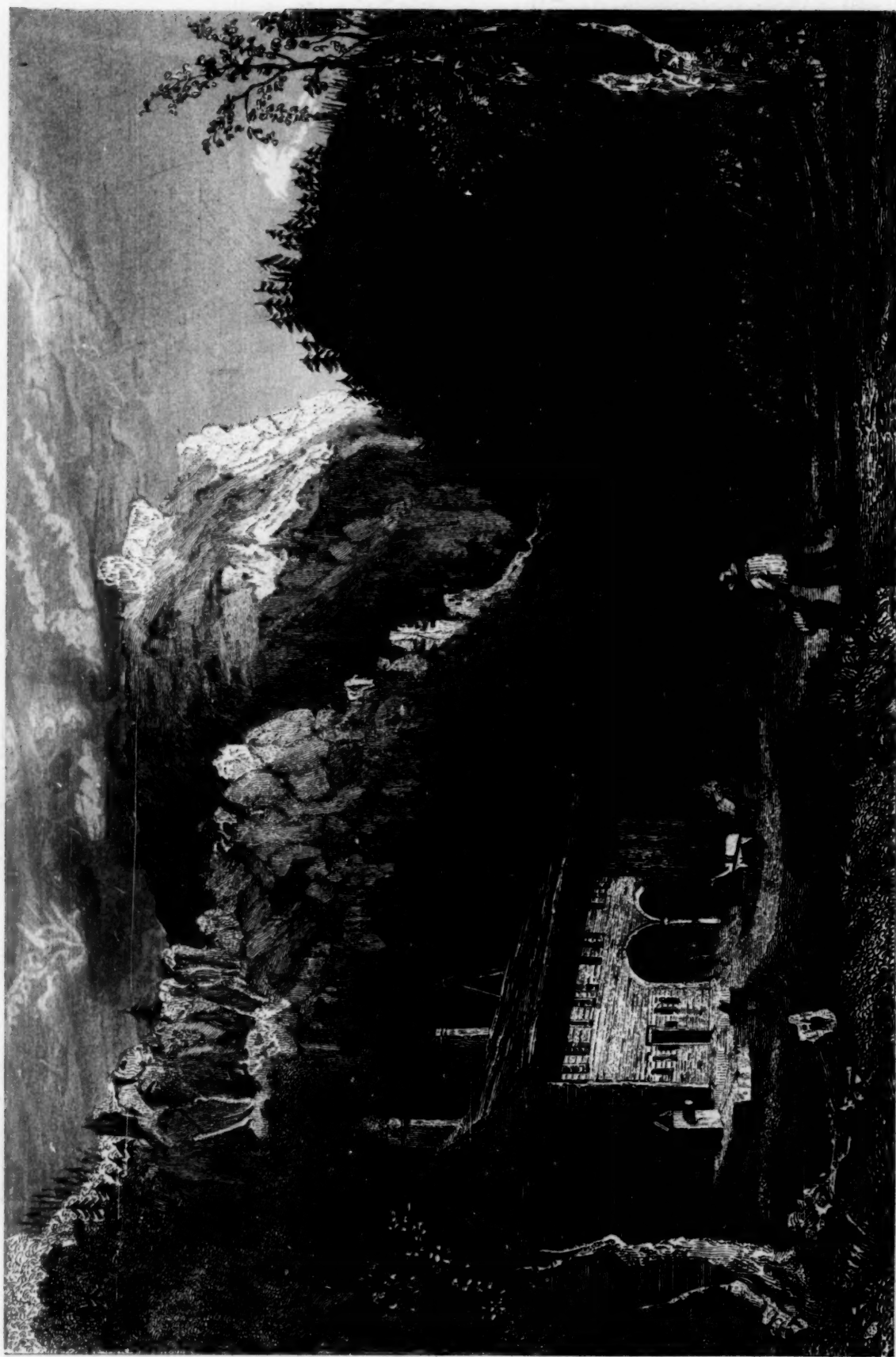
I AM alone—no one is near—
The daylight hours are past,
And with his sable curtain Night
Is shrouding nature fast:
Now spirit forms around me move—
Their whispers speak them near;
They call me—glad would I obey:
"O, come, thy home's not here!"

Sweet visions now of other days,
When friends and hopes were mine,
And youthful fancy pictured bright
The schemes for after time,
(Then flowers around life's pathway grew:
Those flowers now dead and sere,)
To me with mournful tones they speak:
"Thy home, it is not here."

The twilight's past—its spirits fled,
And darkness wraps the whole;
Yet deeper gloom than that of night
Is wrapp'd around my soul;
The voices of departed joys
Now fall on mem'ry's ear;
United all, one voice they speak:
"Cheer up! thy home's not here."

The stars now gem the sparkling dome;
They whisper peace to me,
And tell me still I have a home
Beyond life's heaving sea;
And though on earth I find no friends,
Still, kindred souls there are
In that bright land far—far away:
My spirit's home is there.





The North House, White Mountains.

New Hampshire